

ARMINIUS:
OR,
GERMANIA FREED.

TRANSLATED
From the THIRD EDITION of the
GERMAN ORIGINAL,

Written by BARON CRONZECK.

WITH AN
Historical and Critical PREFACE,
BY THE CELEBRATED
Professor GOTTSCHED of LEIPSIC.

VOLUME II.

Fortia facta Patrum, series longissima rerum.
VIRG. *Æneid.*

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ARGUMENT TO BOOK VII.

ARMINIUS:



GERMANIA FREED.

BOOK VII.

VOL. II.

B

ARGU-

ARGUMENT TO BOOK VII.

Discord rages, and accompanied by Revenge, goes to the Alps, where she orders Revenge with her torch to kindle up a war. Revenge sitting about it, her torch unharbours a stag, which straightway betakes i: self to flight; the Romans pursue the stag; a body of German hunters observing it, fall on the Romans. After a smart skirmish the Germans obtain the advantage. Arminius mounts his horse, and puts a stop to their untimely ardour. His men ashamed, and the day being now come on, hasten to the field of battle and assist the wounded. Arminius laments the consequences of ambition. Tarpeius and Marius, as Roman deputies, haughtily demand satisfaction. Arminius expresses his concern for what had happened. Tarpeius threatens; at which Arminius renounces the alliance. Siegmar makes his son vow a perpetual enmity against the Romans. They burn their slain. Arminius despatches Brenno to the Catti, who meets them on the road.

A R M I-

ARMINIUS:

O R,

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FELL *Discord* now again collects her baneful powers; at the sound of her foot *Tartarus* itself shook through all its depths; a lurid gleam broke through the horrid darkness, and the infernal spirits fly appalled at their own fuliginous streams; all hell is thrown into consternation, lest a flood of light should pervade their dreary mansions, and the regions of sin and punishment be laid open to heaven's wrathful eye. The sound of the monster's foot was accompanied with a horrid roar, in-

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eking Revenge to her aid, who with glad-
some speed issued forth from the abyfs, as
knowing the summons to portend calamity.

The two fiends, borne in a sable cloud
through the whizzing air, hasten to a pro-
minent part of the *Alps*, from whence
Discord, with a troubled eye, beholds the
two camps, and discovers her favourite *Se-
gesthes* confined, that favourite from whom
she had conceived such extensive hopes!
Irritating sight; at the groan it raised in
her breast the *Alps* shook, and the sacred
flame of *Vesta* quivering died away. The
traitor heard the dreadful noise; it rejoiced
his heart; he knew the fury's voice, and
that she raged at his confinement. The
thought suspended all sense of his woe, be-
ing confident within himself of speedy relief
by her devices.

“Sister,” said the goddess, “who
“like me delightest in blood, and whom
“I own not inferiour in the effusion of it,
6 “nor

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“ nor in wars and massacres; great plans
 “ have my convulsed mind formed: haste
 “ then, and hurl thy blazing torch into
 “ the wood where the ardent *Cberusci* are
 “ encamped, and from a stag shall arise
 “ desirable events, battle, slaughter, and
 “ ravage; *Rome* and *Germany*, the world
 “ itself shall be shaken from its founda-
 “ tions, our joys shall increase to satiety.”

And now instant flew the fatal torch through
 the crackling branches, while the sacred
 oaks tremble at the flame, and the whole
 forest resounds with a lugubrious noise;
 the torch's smokey blaze rouses a branched
 stag from its covert, which straightway
 flies the supposed danger. A *Roman* re-
 joicing at the sight, pursues the frightened
 beast shouting, and pierces into the grove
 which no foreign foot had ever before vio-
 lated; and his presumptuous steps are fol-
 lowed by whole troops of *Romans*, pour-
 ing forth shouts of equal eagerness.

6 A R M I N I U S, or

The exulting goddesses now sounds a charge; fury and revenge rage in the enkindled battle; for the rashness of the *Romans* being observed by a body of *German* hunters, these impetuously pursue them in their turn; the ground trembles under the foaming steeds, till the *Germans* joined them; the whole grove becomes one ensanguined field of slaughter.

The ear informs the *Romans* of their rapid approach, but clouds of dust so obscured their sight, that the first perfect notice they received of the enemy was by heavy strokes on all sides, which mowed down their shining ranks: as a stream rushing from the mountains, with a sounding fall, carries before it dams, trees, cattle, and cottages in its foaming course; so poured down *Germania's* brave sons on the surprised *Romans*, nor could their knotty clubs, steel, and art, withstand their force. *Wunnibald* first lays *Quintus* on the ground; *Quintus* who had eyed his savage garb with disdainful

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ful look, and his gorgeous sword becomes the spoil of the warrior whom he had despised. The next who fell beneath his redoubted club was the perfumed *Sextus*, ill qualified to figure it in the dusty field: the beauteous *Camillus* fled to avoid the impending blow; but *Wunniba'd*, swift as brave, cut short his blooming life: had the glittering blade never seduced thy sight, had not the love of fame swelled thy ardent heart, had thy white hand never rejoiced to wield the spear, nor thy youthful vanity smiled at the plumed helmet, then, hapless youth, hadst thou been placed amid the assemblies of *Rome's* smiling matrons as their idol, their lover; then mightest thou have consecrated thy delicate beauty at *Cytherea's* shrine, but now thy blood distains the *German* ground, and thou perishest without having acquired that fame which engaged thee in the hazardous toils of war.

Other warriours of lesser note, animated by revenge, or a thirst of fame, dare to encounter the slaughtering champion, and fall in the attempt. Ere his naked arm wielded the blood-stained club, *Discord* had been seen to impregnate it with a poison caught from hell, what time the infernal spirits feared their abyfs was to be laid open to the blaze of day; and so powerful was the venom of it, that it emitted death before the nervous arm had struck.

In robust *Sunno's* hands sparkles a huge firebrand; dreadful its ravages amidst the purple, gold, and plumes of the luxurious *Romans*: clubs and firebrands, with swords, javelins, flaves and axes clash in the wild contest, and numberless the heroes who fall undistinguished in the cloudy war; numberless the heroick deeds that sunk into oblivion, unsung by the deathless muse.

See

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See *Discord* now flies from rank to rank, while death follows close behind with his busy fithe; so compact is the engagement, that it leaves no room for timid flight; nor was there more safety in flying than in the generous combat. No signs of faintness were yet seen in either host, emulous to maintain national renown, and national hatred not the least of their impulses. *Revenge* and *Discord* also stimulate every heart; each warrior exults at a foe who falls by his hand, as at a sacrifice to his country, when *Arminius* appears on horseback, to close this scene of sudden carnage.

From the *German* leader's eye issues forth a ray expressive of his spirit, and which, amidst the confusion and horror of battle, never kindled into a glare, his soul being calm and serene in native valour, and in a confidence in the gods, who are ever propitious to the assertors of justice and of natural liberty; of liberty, next to reason,
the

the most precious of their gifts. The precipitate behaviour of the *Germans*, on this occasion, displeased him; the offense, he thought, too slight to be avenged with blood, and wished the first insult to have come from the *Romans*. *Arminius* orders the *Cherusci* to retreat; on which *Discord* darted at him an inflamed look, and flew in despair to the fiery abyfs, first, with savage triumph, pointing at the mangled carcasses which covered the field. The *German* leader withdraws his men, their daring valour unpraised, and unblamed their temerity; a silent chagrin alone clouded his amiable countenance, to his men the keenest reproof, who now followed abashed, as conscious of their misconduct, and self-displeased and cursing the innocent flag, they hide themselves in their huts, where domestick sweets scarce compose their agitated minds, so great their concern at offending their idolised chief.

Now

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Now night invites to kindly repose, repose so much sweeter after the tumults of the day; the soldiery sleep, but various thoughts keep the general waking; one while he sees *Varus* enraged at the slaughter of his men so unjustly attacked, next he wishes for a decisive action, and with delight plans the conduct of it; then grieved that the *Chauci* and *Catti* delay to join him; amidst all these sollicitudes his weary'd eyelids are closed in sleep, but short the slumber; for with the dawn he rises, and re-assumes his important cares. The first thought that occupies him is the relief of the wounded; he himself assists in their cure, and his generous compassion equally comprehends within it both foe and friend; whilst *Siegmar*, not less humane than brave, applauds his son's condescension, and liberally deals out the wine, oil, and sanative mixtures, gifts from bards, studious of nature's products, and the *Æsculapian* art, Their

Their animosity against the intrusive *Romans* is now changed into tenderness.

One raises a beautiful youth weltering in his blood, and tries whether his heart yet affords any symptoms of remaining life; another holds up a severed limb, wondering at the ghastly sight; a third points out those who fell by his arm, silently proud of his feats; while a fourth boasts that here his spear sent a *Roman* to his everlasting abode; or that there two twins fell on him, but as they came into the world at once, so he had sent them out of it together. A fifth, struck with the lustre of a purple robe distained with gore, takes it up, exulting, and throwing it round the shaggy hide, his native garment, struts with haughty gait, and in that attitude vows it a gift to his spouse: “This *Roman* spoil,” says he, “on festivals shall distinguish her worth, and her parents shall rejoice in the honour.”

Thus

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Thus the warriors, in joyous mood, indulged their humours, forgot the dangers of the battle, their wounds and hairbreadth escapes. In many of them their ferocity rises to its natural ascendant; they thirst for the renewal of the battle; they promise themselves that they will drench their weapons in *Roman* blood; their elated imaginations twine triumphant wreaths for their brows; they see the foe in fearful rout hastening from their dreaded confines.

The hero, more fixed in his prudent regret, revolves the rash encounter; he laments the sway of insatiable ambition, and the lawless thirst of fame. “Ye all-grasping *Romans*,” cried he, “how wretchedly infatuated, to send out the flower of your youth to certain slaughter in the conquest of woods and of marshes. Laurels have no charm to you, unless stained with blood. The hero’s motive
“ is

“ is liberty, and the protection of injured
“ friends: the end obtained, he delights
“ to put a period to the ravages of war.”

The out guards now discerning at a distance some *Romans* advancing, who were *Marcus* and *Tarpeius* with their attendants, form in the pass, but the olive branch being held out towards them, they open; this emblematick safeguard was not unknown to the *Germans*; and none more observant of the respect due to ambassadors than they. A guard conducts them with honour to their leader's tent; their sullen port was suited to their cloudy looks; and swelling with pride and indignation, without even saluting *Arminius*, *Marcus* thus abruptly begins.

“ *Arminius* or Chief, for to which of
“ these names thou hast a right I know
“ not. What insolent procedure is this!
“ Savages alone would be guilty of it;
“ even

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“ even the indulgent clemency of *Varus*
“ has it provoked. He now forgets all
“ *Augustus*’s bounties to thee, his raising
“ thee to the *Patrician* order, an honour
“ coveted by mighty potentates, by sove-
“ reigns far different from *Germania*’s petty
“ Lords, whose subjects have not even
“ wherewith to clothe themselves; this too
“ he passes over, and insists on knowing
“ wherefore, in a profound peace, thy
“ people, with cowardly craft surprising
“ ours, have presumed to make such a
“ slaughter of them; he is amazed that
“ *Arminius*, whom *Rome* has loaded with
“ favours, who in her very bosom has been
“ instructed in all our arts and accom-
“ plishments, who owes all that is valu-
“ able in himself to a *Roman* education,
“ that he should have countenanced this
“ lawless violence. Thou thinkest perhaps
“ our manners effeminate, our strict adhe-
“ rence to our engagements cowardice.
“ To show generosity to enemies, to ex-
“ tinguish

“ tinguish a fire kindled in our favour, to
 “ discover even to our conquerours their
 “ clandestine foes, to hold forth the reliev-
 “ ing hand to a fallen enemy, may, to
 “ thy *German* ferocity, appear a ridiculous
 “ softness; the most atrocious crimes in
 “ them cause no remorse, and this natu-
 “ ral brutality of theirs, under all thy ob-
 “ ligations to *Rome*, is incited by thy un-
 “ derhand encouragement.

“ Know then, and *Varus* now speaks
 “ through me, he sends thee fair condi-
 “ tions, but swift revenge shall follow
 “ thy refusal; deliver up those who were
 “ the chief perpetrators of this flagrant vio-
 “ lation of the peace; their execrable
 “ crime points out their punishment; de-
 “ liver them as victims due to a just re-
 “ venge. I here warn thee to deliver
 “ them up, or streams of *German* blood
 “ shall flow, whilst any blood remains in
 “ *Germany*, to pacify the manes of our
 “ sol-

“soldiers, murdered with such insidious
“barbarity.”

To them thus replied *Arminius*: “Ye
“little know the valour of *Germania’s*
“sons; they tremble not at distant thun-
“der: as for this tempest, let it come
“and rattle over our heads; thank your
“sacred function for your safety, else should
“the insolence even of *Roman* messengers
“not pass unchastised.

“The peace has indeed been broke,
“and what would you more, to the great
“displeasure of the leaders; but was not
“the first offense given by *Romans*, or
“has the *Prætor* made choice of this grove
“to hunt in? What has escaped your ra-
“pacious hands? Have you not with glut-
“tonous cruelty rioted on our herds and
“flocks? Whatever this country, more
“productive of oak and iron than deli-
“cacies, can afford, has been patiently
Vol. II. C “delivered

“ delivered up to your greediness, yet all
 “ this suffices not. I know your axes are
 “ prepared to fell this grove, thus violat-
 “ ing what we hold sacred. If the gods
 “ have bestowed on you the earth, have
 “ they also impowered you to insult reli-
 “ gion? Is it to see our sacred rites pro-
 “ faned that this arm has so often fought
 “ your battles, so often repelled your foes,
 “ and turned the doubtful scale of victory
 “ to your side? Have I then, despising
 “ your rewards, enriched so many by do-
 “ natives, profusely distributing among
 “ them spoils and crowns won by hard-
 “ ships and dangers, that now your insa-
 “ tiate rapine may seek our barren wilds,
 “ where rational avarice itself fees no ob-
 “ ject to invite it? yet to the naked Ger-
 “ mans you will not leave even their
 “ skins. For ever sacred be the oath
 “ which my lips now utter, compelled by
 “ your oppressions. May heaven and hell pu-
 “ nish him, who, whilst his arm is able to
 “ wield

“ wield a weapon, shall not use it against
 “ the destroyers of his country ! Know,
 “ that if what ye have said be your Præ-
 “ tor’s demands, and ye will not withdraw
 “ your licentious forces from this country,
 “ to which you have no right, I hence-
 “ forth renounce all treaty and connection
 “ with you. What we demand is just,
 “ and relying upon that justice, your in-
 “ vasion shall end in a shameful retreat.
 “ See these my hardy *Germans*, and from
 “ their appearance gather your own fate.”

Tarpeius, with a brutality natural to him,
 broke out into menacing gestures ; from a
 Gregarian soldier had he raised himself to
 the rank of a Tribune, by deeds of feroci-
 ous rashness ; haughty and abrupt in his
 manners, in discipline of a relentless auster-
 ity, his whole delight was in slaughter and
 blood. Impatient of tranquillity, magnifi-
 cence and entertainments, the arts prac-
 tised by *Augustus* to endear himself to the

Romans, long had he wished for a war, the universal wish of the sanguinary and avaricious. No other talent knew he than intrepidity in battle; his sword being his god; plunder and promotion the end of all his actions. On his wrinkled forehead sat all the terrour of war, and the fury of his breast now foams at his bellowing mouth. "What language," cried he, "is this! "Are *Rome's* messengers to hear such insults? Shall a half-starved and naked people pretend to prescribe laws to the conquerors of the world? Tremble at the approach of *Roman* revenge! Your marshes shall drink in your blood; drink it in more largely than the noble *Roman* blood so murderously shed by a lurking multitude, and not in fair battle. Even yet do their noble bodies lie unburied. If thou darest to face us, if thy boasted *Germans* dare measure swords with us, only appoint the time and place; let valour and not artifice decide
" it :

“ it: this is all we wish. From hence
 “ shalt thou hear the terrifying shout with
 “ which a *Roman* camp will receive the
 “ news of an appointed battle. Well will
 “ it become such a hero as thou conceit-
 “ est thyself to be, to vanquish those be-
 “ fore whom all others have fallen ; but
 “ consider, that whatever havock thy fu-
 “ rious sword shall make, and though thy
 “ naked troops, which is little to be feared,
 “ should slay thousands of well accoutred
 “ *Romans*, yet as many thousands more
 “ shall start from the dust of their urns, and
 “ in dreadful array, with axe, and sword,
 “ and spear, check thy triumphs : heaven
 “ and hell shall unite against thy presump-
 “ tion. Tell me, then, dost thou accept
 “ our challenge ? Wilt thou appoint the
 “ time and place for a regular action ?”

Thus bellowed he ; and not only his
 furious voice, but even his looks and ges-
 tures spoke an envenomed heart, and an

utter unacquaintance with decency of manners. Yet glowed the placid hero's cheek with no resentment; barking dogs obscure not the silver moon. With a serene smile he heard the impotent rage of the *Roman*, though not without surprise at the open breach of respect, sanctified by universal observance. "Weak were I," said he, "to be provoked at thy invectives; the "naked *German* knows when to controul "his passion. Little suits it with the spruce "*Roman's* boasted prudence, to threaten "before he can put in execution his menaces. An injurious design declared excites prevention: revenge should be concealed till action is to make it known. "This I learned at *Rome*; these are "maxims of *Italian* wisdom, disdained by "the more open *Germans*: in their candid "breasts lurk no dark designs—But who "art thou? With what face talkest thou "of violated faith? Thy reviling threats, "thy contumelious tongue cancels all
"con-

“ connections. Take back the ring, that
 “ honourary bauble; every *Roman* orna-
 “ ment, as memorials of my shame, and
 “ ties to a foreign interest: I here renounce
 “ them. Carry them back to thy com-
 “ mander, and tell him how I trampled on
 “ them: tell him I am now a poor *Ger-*
 “ *man*, and no *Roman* knight; my sole
 “ passion the national liberty; and that
 “ *Arminius* owns no lord but him who
 “ shall subdue him. The ring, though
 “ once by *Augustus* himself worn, and
 “ with his own hand put on *Arminius's*
 “ finger, to link him closer to his interest,
 “ now with noble disdain is thrown on
 “ the ground as a thing of naught.”

The hero, with that composed dignity,
 which in all events he maintained inva-
 riable, turned his back on the rankling de-
 puties, allowing them, however, to per-
 form the obsequies of their slain, and sup-
 plying them with every necessary for the

funeral piles ; fullen they issue forth out of the tent, the pious indulgence unacknowledged. *Arminius* smiled ; but in *Siegmar's* eyes, oppressed with thoughts of the approaching crisis, tears arose, and thus to his son he vents the emotions of his patriotic soul.

“ Dear *Arminius*, the support and joy
 “ of my helpless age ; my hopes of thee
 “ warm my frozen heart : with transport
 “ I see the people’s love and confidence in
 “ thee. Oh, let me press thee to this wi-
 “ thered bosom, and on thy beloved breast
 “ dart a look into abstruse futurity ! Num-
 “ berless vicissitudes of times have I seen,
 “ many difficult offices have I discharged.
 “ To the intricacies of policy, and the con-
 “ duct of hazardous war, I am no stran-
 “ ger ; and of such experience the natural
 “ result is wisdom. The readiness of na-
 “ tions to submit to the *Roman* yoke, gave
 “ me much uneasiness, and still more,
 “ that

" that venality should be known in *Ger-*
 " *many*. But thanks to our gods, thou
 " art destined to deliver the people. Swear
 " now, by that Being who made thee what
 " thou art, who gave thee the heart of
 " the people ; swear thou wilt never sheath
 " the sword while a *Roman* eagle is seen in
 " *Germany* ; till their manubial monuments,
 " eagles, axes, and armour are hung up in
 " this grove, so impiously violated by that
 " lawless race : so shall the over-ruling
 " gods prosper thine arms, and thy res-
 " cued country worship thee as their de-
 " liverer ; a perpetual model thou, and an
 " incentive to *German* heroism."

As a father, with a glowing counte-
 nance and humid eyes, smiles at the marks
 of rising virtue in his son, enjoys his fu-
 ture glories, presages the rewards of his
 accomplishments, and clasps him to his ar-
 dent bosom ; as a son excited by his fa-
 ther's endearments to superlour attainments,
 sinks

sinks in his arms lost in transports of affection: or as a bride, all gentleness and love, expecting her spouse from the dreaded campaign, starts at the sound of horses entering the paved court, and throwing by her embroidery, her elegant amusement amidst her painful solitudes, exerts every limb, till in her downy arms she hold the harnessed warrior (forbidding contrast, where love urges not) while the ecstasick joy compensates for all her weeping hours, and propitious *Cupid* mingles both their souls in connubial flames, legitimating their joys: their long restrained desires, still inflamed by mutual bliss, immerse them into pleasures unknown to the bestial votaries of licentiousness.

So the duteous hero returned his father's embrace, while the hoary Prince sunk beneath the tumult of his emotions. His fermenting blood overpowered his languid heart; a paleness arises over his furrowed cheeks,

cheeks, and his quivering eyes are closed ; but soon the obstructed blood, with reviving swiftness, returns to its natural course. *Arminius* wondering, views the influence of the mind over the body, and the force of blood by passion roused from its gelid centre : “ Oh, that my aged blood,” said he, “ may retain such vigour ! Oh, that “ amidst the frost of years so rapid may “ be its flow !” Thus wished the hero, seized with an involuntary emotion, prophetick of his untimely end ; death’s sable cloud soon enveloping in darkness all his short-lived glories. “ Is it given “ to our souls to foreknow our destiny ? Is “ it the intimation of some superiour being ? or do these forebodings which often “ damp man’s heart in the meridian of his “ glory, proceed only from grosser sensations ?——Be this as it may, so freedom “ be but safe ; so thou, dear *Germania*, “ see’st thy honour vindicated and thy safety “ established. I dread not death what-
“ ever

“ ever shape he assume ; to thee my life,
“ is devoted.” So expressed the hero his
patriotick fortitude.

In the mean time, ascending flames
mingle with the vapoury clouds, and the
Romans lay their slain on the blazing pile.
This descries among them an intimate
friend, with whom but yesterday he had
joined in cordial merriment, or discerns
one whom a recent variance had embittered
against him ; yet declines he not the pious
office : wives with their hair dishevelled,
mourn over their breathless husbands, and
weeping sons curse the hand which de-
prived them of their father, at the same
time vowing revenge : to some, in virtue
eminent, though to none present allied,
flows the generous tear ; the late homage
paid to their merit, which, while living,
envy withheld : reverent they enwrap the
illustrious corpse.

Arminius, studious to avoid fresh con-
tests, himself drew off all the parties posted
near

near the solemn spot of these funeral obsequies, to the rude *Germans* matter of derision; with joy, however, they beheld the successive blazes, but such their regard to their solicitous leader, that no open act of insult was seen in their countenances. Prudent they waited the length of the tedious ceremony, a ceremony which, grimly smiling, they wished to see performed on every son of *Rome*. The hero now summoned *Brenno* to his aid, he whose oft-tryed fidelity had rendered him deserving of the important commission.

“Haste,” said he, “faithful *Brenno*,
 “to the *Catti* and *Chauci*, lay before them
 “what has happened, and the menaces of
 “the *Romans*; tell them I expect their
 “speedy approach; that the fate of *Ger-*
 “*many* depends on our arms; that the de-
 “cisive moment for slavery or freedom is
 “at hand: tell them that my people are
 “eager for action, and that I would avail
 “myself

“ myself of their present ardour, lest delay should cool it, and by the tumultuous soldiery be deemed timid caution, or a consciousness of the foe’s superiority ; that therefore I entreat their utmost expedition, otherwise we shall only be the first victims to *Roman* perfidy.”

Brenno hastens on his message ; the perilous exigency wings his speed ; but he had not yet measured half the journey before he sees the *Catti* in full march towards him, a cloud rising on the distant mountain soon points them out to his view. Soon after both forest and field seemed to move ; and now the gleam of arms strikes his eager eye, and soon the wanton couriers neigh in his listening ear. He distinguishes the heroick Prince himself heading his hardy bands. As a mariner through a telescope’s assisting glass descrying a distant fleet, stands in anxious silence, uncertain whether it be friend or foe, then looks again, and to his

his joyful eye the colours display the friend,
 on which, in token of his banished fears,
 he hoists also his ensign; so was *Brenno's*
 surprise soon turned into joy, and with an
 exulting heart he hastens to meet the great
 object of his Prince's present wishes. He
 informs the leader of the *Catti*, of the viola-
 tion of the grove by the *Romans*, and of
 the great slaughter which had ensued: this
 the ferocious chief hears displeased; his
 martial soul rages that he was not present;
 but he hopes in the approaching general ac-
 tion, to have a more ample field, where his
 effusive valour may hurl destruction on the
 execrated *Romans*.

The goddess, whose wings are swifter
 than the wind, and who often with truth
 blends insidious falsities; whose loquacious
 mouth oft alarms us with accounts of
 battles, and the number of the slain, when
 not a tent has been struck; that goddess
 whose eyes ever magnify, whose feet stand
 ready

ready for flight; *Fame*, hies through the ranks, and tears down the principal pavilion in the *Roman* camp. A spirited shout of triumph echoes through the host, as when *Eurus* shakes the forest; or when, in *Thracian* vales, incensed *Mavors* fills the affrighted air with his hoarse call, clattering his brazen shield as a prelude of bloody wars: such was the loud acclaim of *Germania's* enraged sons. *Varus* heard the dissonant shout; and though surrounded by all his mighty warriors, stood appalled at it, trembling amidst the splendours of his encumbered table.

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END of the SEVENTH BOOK.

ARMI.

ARMINIUS:

OR,

GERMANIA FREED.

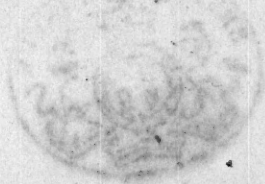
BOOK VIII.

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D

ARGU-

A R M I N I U S



ARGUMENT TO BOOK VIII.

The Roman general calls a council of war, wherein he desires the chiefs to declare their several opinions. They are all silent except Tarpeius, who breaks through the croud, and with a loud voice calls out for war, voluntarily offering to go and surprise the Germans. He avails himself of the night, and privately approaches the camp, but is discovered; and Arminius prevents the surprise. Tarpeius is enraged at the disappointment. The morning light shows the Romans their perilous situation; but Tarpeius encourages them, and bravely fighting dies by the hero's own hand. In the mean time Varus makes a general muster of his forces, and forbids all excess and licentiousness among them. A mutiny ensues; but Marcus encourages Varus, and is sent by him to Arminius with proposals of peace, in order to gain time, which the hero utterly rejects.

A R M I-



ARMINIUS:

OR,

GERMANIA FREED.

NOW had *Germania's* chiefs awoke from their deceitful slumbers; all her strength was collected for one last effort. *Varus* alarmed, ascends his seat, to the *Romans* so awful, but to himself now contemptible; his lowering looks and down-cast eyes spoke terrour and fluctuation. He summons a council, and desires the opinions of those whom he had never deigned before to consult, a condescension which further betrayed an intimidated soul.

D 2

But

But the haughty chief, by voluptuousness only debauched, not totally subdued, not its spiritless slave, nor all sense of honour extinguished in his breast, soon kindles again into his former spirit; again it blazes, and breaks forth superiour to his consternation.

“My faithful companions,” said he, “who
“brave toils and dangers for *Rome’s* glory,
“advice is come, that the *Cherusci* have
“broken the peace, and treacherously slain
“great numbers of our fellow-soldiers.
“They further threaten, that not one of
“us shall ever see his dear native soil again.
“Shall naked starvelings talk thus to the
“lords of the world? What nation has
“been able yet to withstand us? Has not
“the swift *Parthian* and the hardy *Briton*
“felt our superiour valour? Whither have
“not our dreaded eagles found their way?
“Yet this abject race, in manners and in
“appearance more like beasts than men;
“whose

“ whose bravery is rather a savage stupidity,
 “ dity, reject *Cæsar's* gracious offers, and
 “ set us at defiance, after massacring our
 “ companions. I know, *Romans*, your generous blood boils at the news. However,
 “ previous to any hostile measure, I
 “ would consult your wisdom; if you are
 “ averse from dangerous rashness, yet still
 “ more is base timidity your scorn. Speak
 “ then, for your counsel must be just: are
 “ you for peace or war?”

“ War! what but war?” exclaimed
Tarpeius; while all the other commanders
 stood gazing at *Varus* in torpid silence;
 their oft tryed courage being now totally
 dissolved in luxury and excess, the shelves
 on which all the martial virtues are often
 wrecked: Of this thou, O *Annibal*, remain-
 est a dreadful proof, though little heeded!
 For exhibits not a modern camp a luxury
 even beyond what is found in cities? *Varus*
 himself, doubtful of a riotous army, was

more inclined to soften the *Cherusci* by artifice, than to tempt the issue by feats of valour; but *Tarpeius*, who indignant observed the pusillanimous silence, started from his seat, with outrageous gesture forcing his way to the Prætor's chair, and there, with terrific voice, thus gave vent to his impatient rage.

“*Varus*, let the legions keep in their
“ perfumed tents, and there carouse or
“ loiter away their time; only allow me
“ to take my legion, and soon will I
“ give you a good account of this foe,
“ who seems to be so dreaded.”

Thus exclaimed he with rude impetuosity; the other tribunes at once catch the flame, and all their former spirit seemed to blaze forth anew. *Tarpeius* hastens to his legion, who tumultuously applauding his offer, arm. Fired with their ardour, he vows *Arminius's* head and arms an offering
to

to *Mars*; and he calls the deity to witness, that he will not return till the barbarians had either fled, or fallen before his sword.

The moon, as if propitious to his bold design, now hid herself behind a cloud, so opaque was the darkness that scarce could their armour be discerned. The *Roman* hastens, through ways by himself alone perceived; when coming to tufted oaks at the skirt of the grove, and which deepened the gloom, he orders his men to prostrate themselves with their faces to the ground: all in silence obey the command, and not a breath is heard among them.

As in *Mauritania's* deserts the voracious tiger creeps near the lowly huts, and with glaring eye waits impatient for his prey, still drawing nearer and nearer, and listening and licking his eager jaws; but all-gracious heaven protects the defenseless

Moor, ignorant of his own danger: So lay *Tarpeius*, fired with a thirst no less inflaming of *Roman* blood. And now he curses the night and the over-ruling powers; the moon was hid, and scarce a faint star showed itself, while the close trees increasing the natural gloom, no way, no path could be discerned to direct the attack. At this *Tarpeius* raging, himself spoiled the design, impatient of the delay thus crying out, "Oh, mighty *Jupiter*! send forth thy lightening; dispell this accursed darkness; and if thou art exasperated against us, show thyself so by day." The furious exclamation was heard by *Arminius* himself, who with a faithful officer stood sentry at the quarter from whence any considerable irruption was to be apprehended, a station too important for vulgar vigilance. They urge their steeds, crying out, "Arise, arise; to arms, to arms, to arms!" The hills and grove echo again with the animating sound. "My brave *Germans*," cried the

the

the hero, "follow the white plume on
 "my helm, you will always find it lead-
 "ing you against your tyrants, your per-
 "secutors the *Romans*."

He now flies to a corps ready-formed
 every night against a surprise, lest confu-
 sion should spread through the camp. He
 posts himself at their head, prepared to keep
 the foe in action till by the main body
 joined: each soldier swears that *Roman*
 blood shall expiate this presumptuous sur-
 prise; each warrior calls out to be led
 on, as if on his own arm alone depended his
 country's fate.

Tarpeius, now more enraged, cursed his
 ill-timed impatience; he burns with shame
 at the discovery: but making intrepidity
 his resource, animates his band, and him-
 self most exposed, with eager pace charges
 the embattled foe. As a lion surrounded by
 hunters is more irritated at their gleaming
 jave-

javelins, and his wounds kindle revengeful ire; he roars, and lashing his brindled sides with his tail, assails the shouting crew, while his fangs and jaws are drenched in gore: so *Tarpeius*, determined or to accomplish his enterprize, or perish in the attempt, with sullen animosity begins the battle.

All follow the leader's bold example, and infuriate deal around slaughter: they brave the *German* weapons, and grudge not to fall on the corpse of a slain enemy; of their own blood not more mindful than of *German* gore. *Tarpeius*, with uncommon strength seconding his extraordinary courage, laid around him heaps of foes, fatally ambitious to check his destructive arm; he drenches his weapon in carnage, and urges on his men to the slaughter. The *Germans* press upon him, and at his feet lie weltering in their blood. Such havock, a hero like *Arminius* only could retrieve; such a torrent to arrest required his utmost force.

force. With calm intrepidity he gives every necessary order, and thunders on the shrinking *Romans*, alike every where present, and at once the consummate general and the ardent soldier. The *Romans* seek him; the *Cherusci* for him alone fear; so various the danger, their affection despairs of his safety. What numbers now perish! *Germans* and *Romans* fall alike by different weapons, the edged sword and the massive club! But no words can describe the furious troops joined in battle; the various horrors of this field of death, with the clang of arms, the shouts, the groans, the confused heaps of slain, born in different climes, though now mingled in death on the same spot. Both hosts are inspired by the same ardour, though different their motives: with equal valour the tools of tyranny and freedom's champions long hold the important victory in suspense.

Oh, Goddess! who delightest to commemorate real virtue, and who to splendid

vice never prostitutest thy praise, reveal to me the feats of greatest valour, whether by *German* or *Roman* arm performed, which that fable night from human eye concealed! Thy aid I want, that patriotism and true courage may shine in deserved lustre; for our ears those exploits have never reached, and fain would I, in *Pierian* lay, transmit the glorious warriors to the admiration of future ages.

Deutmar, a boastful *German*, liberal of speech, but for arms, alike in body and mind, unfit; defying dangers when unseen, at the approach of danger with tremulous eagerness dastardly sought his escape: alert and rigid in the mock exercises of war, but to the serious battle tardy. If ever a manly stroke came from him, it was in most unequal combat, and keen was he in seizing those favourable moments. More than one *Roman*, their daring spirits ill-matched

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matched with an inactive or nerveless body, had fallen by his inglorious arm. But now his artifices no longer avail him; his cowardice proves his death, oft by active courage averted. He rejoiced in the darkness, and with throbbing heart sought the thickest shade; but there the slaughtering *Tarpeius* spied him, and through his mouth, on bended knees supplicating mercy, all boasting silenced, thrusts the fatal blade. A second stroke severs the soul from the trembling corse, but not to the mansions of heroes was it removed. *Eck, Eikmar, and Hugo*, with honour fall, and their fall enhances the *Roman's* honour. *Gismar* and *Haubold*, two brothers, assailing him with united rage, add to the numbers of the slain. His impetuous sword cut through the *German* host, as before the sithe in the vigorous rustick's hands falls the thorn herbage.

Confusion prevails while the rout now begins, and vainly the torrent the hero

strives to oppose; nor words nor example avail. At length the welcome dawn shows the dispirited *Cherusci* the ground covered with their slain. *Tarpeius* calls out, “*Romans*, lo! the whole body of the enemy is here, and at once will we make an end of them: darkness has not kept us idle; what then shall we not perform by day light!”

Thus boldly he spoke, and rejoiced to see the danger deserving of his arm, and big with glory; his thinned band now forms into a square, and courageous ply their missive weapons. At this dexterous evolution, *Arminius* directs *Edmund* to move to the opposite side and annoy them with stones and arrows, whilst himself would stand the fury of their assault. In vain stones and arrows pour on the close compacted phalanx; *Tarpeius* undismayed, amidst wounds and death, maintains its firmness. The hero's skill and inferiour num-

numbers only serve to invite his courage with the brighter prospect of glory and promotion. Under their shields, an iron roof, the thickened ranks now press on the *Germans*, who feign a retreat, whilst *Edmund* charges the unguarded rear of the *Romans* with judicious rapidity; and his corps of slingers crush the boasted covert *, under which many an arduous enterprise, scalade, and attack had been carryed. The vigilant eye of *Arminius* observing this success, with his whole collected force he now makes an attack on the disordered phalanx; *Tarpeius* alone meets the assault in furious despair, and throws himself among the shouting ranks, his fierce courser's hoofs aiding his slaughtering arm.

* *Missil a spargunt*, says *Tacitus*, of the *Germans*; and *Barre*, in the notes, vol. i. p. 68. the *Belgæ* in their sieges use the same method as the *Germans* and *Celtæ*; they invest the place, and sling stones at any thing they see on the walls, &c.

As

As the foaming boar, snorting, rushes on the dogs, and avenges his approaching death with many a wound; the boldest from its fatal tusks, it hurls away, while the others intimidated stand at bay, nor can the hunter's threats bring them to a second encounter with the grisly savage: so on a heap of bleeding corsees stood *Tarpeius*, enraged, and determined there to stand. There with boastful gesture, he called out, "Here shall
 " be *Tarpeius*'s tomb, but here also shall
 " be the grave of many barbarians, whom
 " this hand of mine has slain; and of my
 " glorious valour ages to come shall speak."

A wild rage now glared in his eyes, and his distorted countenance displayed the conflicting passions of wrath, despair, terrour, and a sense of his approaching end. The manner convulses his haughty soul with reluctant pride; to be vanquished is the utmost bitterness of death!

Arminius hears the raging chief, and hastily advancing, calls aloud, "Assail not
 " the

“ the warrior; to him and me it is given
 “ to meet in single combat *. *Arminius*
 “ alone shall try thy strength, and I trust
 “ with success; the event, however, is
 “ in the hands of the gods.” *Tarpeius*
 lowering, sees the hero approach; strange
 sensations oppress his fluttering heart: a cold
 sweat arises in his ghastly countenance, and
 a portentuous mist floats before his sight:
 yet not extinguished in his breast the bright
 flame of valour. He raises his arm ready
 for the combat, and aims a deadly stroke
 at his foe. *Arminius* wards off the blow,
 and on his faithful shield the blade broke.
 Fired with this disaster, the *Roman* makes
 an effort to close with him; but a well-
 timed thrust defeats his wiley intent. *Ar-*
minius perceiving in his sickening looks the
 effects of this thrust, reaches out his gene-

* *Barre*, vol. i. p. 10. says after *Tacitus*,
 in a close fight it would be an indelible dis-
 grace to a chief, not to be the first in encoun-
 tering the enemy, &c.

rous arm to support him ; but in vain. He falls, stung with dread and rage, which still retain themselves strongly impressed on his countenance. The conquerour is moved with the fate of a man, who with gentleness of manners had been truly magnanimous. The exulting *Cherusci* now make insatiate havoc. What number of *Romans* follow their slain brethren ! Yet on their virtue the muse willingly confers all due praise. If they now flee for safety, they again make a stand, forgetful of danger, and rush on certain death to avenge their leader's fall. Such was the effusion of blood, by which the *Germans* rescued themselves from the extirpation threatened by presumptuous *Rome*, who now in whole hecatombs expiates her lawless insults.

Varus, whom from voluptuous sloth the rupture had roused to cautious anxiety, reviews his troops ; but how changed by luxury and inaction ! Their effeminate appearance

pearance blasts all his hopes. Those whose youth promised alertness and vigour he forms into distinct corps, and at all their exercises assists. He minutely reviews every band, and assigns them their proper station on the ramparts. To some, as an honorary distinction, he intrusts those parts which are yet fenceless, deeming their courage an impenetrable barrier. The cause thus removed, he hopes the bad effects, too late acknowledged, will cease. Sumptuary laws are proclaimed throughout the camp; and that his own example might invite conformity, his table never exceeds a bare sufficiency, and that of plain and ordinary food. No gorgeous side-board now glitters at his entertainments; no minstrelsy is heard; no choice wines are seen sparkling in chrystal glasses. The innumerable throng of females, as the pest of arms, were ordered to quit the camp; while the general, bent on repairing his past errors, and fitting his host for vigorous conflict, sees every seducement, every

effeminacy strictly suppressed within his own pavilion, as an example to the soldiery ; and their imitation he crowns with distinguishing favours.

Mutius, a petulant youth, born in luxurious *Capua*, and full-fraught with all his native profligacy, is disgusted at this austere change. The insipid life, so estranged from love and wine, he abhors ; and in mutinous disposition, curses the general, as utterly devoid of spirit. A secret enmity preys on his rankling heart, till heated by fermenting draughts, he prepares himself for mutiny. Thus to a groupe of like-bent, he imparted his long concealed grudge ; his glowing face, his vivid eye, the agitations of his body, indicated the invective issuing from his heart. No ensnaring drift had he ; for ejected licentiousness a worthy stickler.

“ Brothers,” cried the debauchee,
“ what is man’s life ? How short ! How
“ un-

“ uncertain ! I who am even now talking
 “ to you, to-morrow may be a passenger
 “ in *Charon's* ferry, if any such ferry there
 “ be ; for folks, clear-sighted as the priests
 “ themselves, much question it. Besides,
 “ our life is loaded with a variety of wretch-
 “ edness : in the night strict-kept watches
 “ deny us sleep ; in the day-time we are
 “ harassed with exercises. In summer we
 “ fight for another's glory, and what we
 “ suffer in winter is dreadful to think of.
 “ Is the soldier then to be grudged some
 “ little relief ? Is such a life as ours to be
 “ debarred all comfort ! The general has
 “ at once revoked all his indulgences, and
 “ fearful of savages, forsooth, sets up a ri-
 “ gorous discipline. Submit to it who will,
 “ I will not : rather than bear arms under
 “ a poltroon, I would labour at the ploughs
 “ As *Romans*, I hope the like spirit breathes
 “ in you ; if it does, if you are willing to
 “ draw your swords in support of a soldi-
 “ er's privileges against this cowardly ty-
 E 3 “ rant,

“rant, follow me, my friends, and these
“weapons of ours shall teach him the re-
“gard due to us; and that it is his duty to
“use us like freemen, as we are, and will
“ever remain.”

This speech added fuel to his own inflamed spirits, and frantick he roars out
“To arms! To arms!” All, for licentiousness was now grown the universal habit, praise his regard for a soldier’s welfare, and vow firm attachment to the cause. The tumult soon reached the quarter where the perfidious *Numidians*, the ostentatious *Gaul*, and the firey *Britens* were encamped.

As in a conflagration new flames burst forth from the scattered sparks, till the whole city is in a blaze, and the affrighted inhabitants run in confused throngs, all eager to subdue the devastation, while every quarter rings with the tumult; so from line to line spread the mutinous uproar, till the
alarm

alarm reaches the general's pavilion. *Varus*, his courage now by temperance revived, delays not to meet the impending storm, and with deep concern sees sedition in a *Roman* camp, and that the very eagles, the ensigns under which the soldiery were to form, had been forcibly seized; sad consequences of relaxed discipline, and luxury indulged, ever productive of insolence and cowardice. In vain he threatens, in vain he asks, even promising rewards, who were the first excitors of this tumult; the spirit of revolt had risen to an overbearing height, and superiority of command was set at open defiance.

Where, *Rome*, was now thy boasted virtue, thy wonted greatness, thy much vaunted valour! Where thy *Cæsar*, the slave of ambition! Behold thy legions mutinying, and the motive sloth and debauchery! Go now, prophesy from the flight of birds; search thy destiny in reeking entrails; consult

sult even thy venerable *Sybil*s : vain superstition ! in *Germany* only is it to be seen.

Marcus, observing the *Prætor*'s deep concern, thus addressed him : “ This disorder of our army much affects me ; an
“ ungrateful return for thy wise care : it
“ disgraces *Rome*, and must encourage the
“ foe to any attempt they think proper.
“ Believe me, noble *Varus*, I feel all the
“ agitations which distract thy labouring
“ mind ; yet is not all lost : it is not a
“ single tempest that can destroy *Rome*.
“ What though *Germania*'s savage sons issue
“ sue from their dreary woods, and some
“ little success flatter their temerity, yet
“ soon shalt thou be avenged ; for can
“ they stand against the combined forces
“ of our empire, headed by *Cæsar* and
“ thee ? What though the army also now
“ disgrace itself in mutiny, and insolently
“ condemn thy authority, who art *Cæsar*'s
“ representative ; their very Emperour him-
“ self

“ self they have not respected, though lead-
 “ ing them out to plunder and fame. Might
 “ I advise, endeavour to revive the thirst
 “ of glory in them ; in order to bring them
 “ to a sense of their error, I would re-
 “ move the camp, and feign a retreat,
 “ as if mistrustful of their courage ; this
 “ may pique their ambition : one good ef-
 “ fect it cannot fail of producing, which
 “ is, that it will draw the enemy into an
 “ open country, where we shall fight with
 “ advantage ; whereas these woods have
 “ ever been fatal to us. Thus I hope the
 “ soldiery will return to their duty, and
 “ the unwary savages be led into a snare.”

Varus approves the proposal ; and lest
 the *Germans*, by rapid marches, should sur-
 prise him in the woods, commissions *Marcus*
 to hold a conference with their leader :
 “ Thy eloquence, my wise friend,” said
 he, “ will stand us in great stead ; thou
 “ wilt induce the enemy to suspend hos-
 “ tilities,

“tilities, and renew the treaty. Further,
 “artfully endeavour to procure some intel-
 “ligence of *Segeſthes*; this is not the leaſt
 “of my motives. Simple as the *Germans*
 “are, many profitable ſecrets you will draw
 “from them; and young *Arminius*, by
 “flatteries, will be brought to a compli-
 “ance: ſuch ſervices, be aſſured, ſhall not
 “go without a proper reward. Ye gods,
 “who have crowned *Cæſar* with ſuch ſuc-
 “ceſſes, who have given him the *Roman*
 “diadem, (happy ſubjection to ſuch a
 “Prince!) and with that the empire of
 “the world, preſerve his arms from any
 “reproach!”

Thus prayed the anxious commander,
 and gave immediate orders for removing
 the camp. He directs their march to a height,
 from whence he views the glittering legions
 and *Afric's* ſwarthy breed, come as merce-
 naries from parching waſtes, prompted by
 greedineſs of ſpoil. His heart expands at
 the

the martial fight; his abject fears give way to exultation, to mighty plans, and to a confidence of victory. "Ye naked savages," cried he, "ye untractable brutes, why provoke ye our swords! submit, or not one of ye shall be left alive."

Here over man, the humane muse could weep; how vain, how daring his presumption! Yet his power how weak and uncertain! His foresight how dim! Alas, *Varus*! amidst thy flushed hopes, ruin impends on thy devoted head! Amidst thy insolent confidence, defeat and slaughter shall overwhelm thy bands. Thy eagles so ridiculously imitative of celestial thunder, those glittering emblems of irresistible force, behold them fixed to our consecrated oaks, as perpetual monuments of thy disgrace.

Marcus, elate with the commission entrusted to his address, had expeditiously arrived within sight of the grove, when a
heap

heap of unbury'd carcasses alarms him. He laments, he blames the precipitate *Tarpeius*; but his anguish receives some lenitive from the sight of the slain *Cherusci*: he enjoys their wounds, and blesses the nervous arm which pointed the weapon. *Arminius*, whose army had now been reinforced by the *Catti*, observing the impatient ardour of their chief, immediately conducted him to the spot where the heat of the late action was. The *Cheruscan* Prince smiling, viewed the marks of *Cheruscan* prowess, while raptures swelled the fervid bosom of the *Cattian* leader, at the promised honour, that at the next attack he should head, and the glory of the onset belong to his troops alone, a distinction due to such a warrior. He heard with joy the flattering courtesy, a foible not seldom the concomitant of military prowess.

Never does a hero grant more favourable audience to an enemy; never is an enemy's stubborn pride so humbled as when, with
bended

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bended knee, submissive he crouches, and on the spot where the defeat of his army has quashed his towering schemes.

Marcus approached ; how changed from the fiery *Roman*, whose glowing visage had erst while manifested revenge ; who blustered about war and slaughter, and vaunted so imperiously his *Cæsar*, and the power of *Rome* ! Now beneath a placid countenance he hides the inward rancour of his heart.

“ Prince,” said he, “ the fire which
“ was so suddenly kindled, *Varus* would
“ extinguish ; he has your country’s welfare at heart. Precipitate spirits begin
“ a war ; but the issue of it, the success depends only on heaven. Consider, O hero,
“ the uncertainty of victory ; the delusions
“ of successes often lead to fatal arrogance. Instances innumerable witness this.
“ How many dazzled with the false glitter
“ of

“ of auspicious beginnings, have fallen
“ victims to fickle fortune’s wiles ! This
“ field indeed exhibits an illustrious proof
“ of thy success ; it shows thee mighty and
“ expert in war. But *Arminius* is likewise
“ prudent, is moderate and circumspect in
“ the most prosperous case ; and that the
“ *Romans* are a foe not to be flighted, these
“ very corpses of thy brave *Cherusci* evince.
“ Ponder then the benefits of an equitable
“ peace ; survey the havock and miseries of
“ desolating war : is there room for a mo-
“ ment’s hesitation in the choice ? Build
“ not thy fame, generous Prince, on blood-
“ stained laurels ; springs there not a purer
“ glory from cultivated sciences, polished
“ manners, and enlarged commerce ? Was
“ it for this *Arminius* headed our shining
“ eagles ? Was it for this our ardent youth
“ rejoiced to serve under thee ? that thou
“ shouldest, in dread array, lead forth ar-
“ mies of savages against us ? Is not thy
“ heroism

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“heroism the fruit of *Roman* education?
 “a consideration surely not beneath thy re-
 “gard. *Varus* condescends now to make
 “the first advances to a reconciliation;
 “this day would he quench the fire which
 “thy tribes have kindled; yet charge you
 “us with ambition. Though the *Roman*
 “camp has many enterprising and bold as
 “*Tarpeius*, though *Roman* blood in battle
 “shed, ever produces a thousand fold, yet
 “retreat we: we are now quitting *Segef-*
 “*thes*’s territories; and wilt thou persist in
 “the horrid purposes of war?”

He ceased his insidious speech; but his
 dissembling visage still pleaded in his looks
 of humility and regret. As a faithless fair
 confusedly blushes at her favourite’s just re-
 sentment, and by every art of feigned grief
 seeks to regain his abused love, but he un-
 moved rejects her ensnaring endearments;
 so *Marcus* omits no art to impose on *Ar-*
minius’s

minius's honour, but in vain: the hero's
prudence perceived the latent wile.

“*Marcus*,” said he, “thy compliments
“are now out of time: Oh, that *Tar-*
“*peius* had thus discoursed! What carnage
“would it have prevented! To talk of
“peace when thy army takes the field seems
“mockery and insult! Yet, did you con-
“fer with candour? Did you show your-
“selves void of insidious designs? Sava-
“ges as we are, we should agree to equi-
“table proposals. *Varus* then evacuates
“*Segeſthes's* territories! To whom cedes he
“them, to him or us? How came those
“territories yours? At another's cost you
“show your disposition to peace.

“Unexceptionable mark of sincerity in-
“deed! No, *Romans*, sad experience has
“taught the naked *German's* caution: I
“must tell thee, the perfidy and depre-
“dations of *Rome* have kindled inex-
“tinguishable

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“tinguishable rage. As for the degene-
“rate *Segeſthes*, as he has experienced *Ro-*
“*man* munificence, ſo ſhall he feel *Ger-*
“*man* reſentment. This answer bear to
“thy Prætor. *Arminius*’s final determi-
“nation is to truſt the event to the fortune
“of his arms.”

Having thus ſpoke, with contemptuous ſmile he turned his back on the mortified *Roman*. The two princes returned, and martial dreams filled their hours of ſleep. The galling diſappointment allowed *Marcus* no reſt; he ſaw his reputation for perſuaſive talents overthrown, and the promiſed rewards withheld; a reverſe which even to tears pierced his groveling heart. In conſcious magnanimity the hero maintains unclouded ſerenity, and *Arminius* in mild compoſure ſmiles at his firm repulſe.

Rather let me with the free hero range
the rugged woods, than the favourite of a

luxurious prince flatter his vices ; with him in the mossy cottage would I dwell, rather than by extorted gold shine in the glittering hall. To such a warrior, O muse ! consecrate thy sublimest lay : yet by the infernal plots of envy this deliverer of his country dies. Alas, *Germania* ! to thy heroes ever ungrateful ! Is it in punishment to this injustice that so few *Arminii* have arisen amongst us.

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END of the EIGHTH BOOK.

ARMI-

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OR,

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BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT to BOOK IX.

A commander in chief is chosen, and Segesthes pardoned out of regard to his daughter. The Germans begin their march. Their several nations described. They come to the camp which the Romans had quitted. Segesthes escapes to Varus, who marches to surprise the Germans. A terrible tempest arises, during which Varus is to make the attack in front, while Segesthes takes them in the rear. A flash of lightening discovers the approach of the Romans, on which the Germans prepare for action.



ARMINIUS:

OR,

GERMANIA FREED.

CELESTIAL muse, now raise the song; strengthen my weak voice and enlarge my ideas! Without thee, vain would be my attempts to describe the army which now filled the sacred grove. Without thy aid I should do injustice to the merit of freedom's brave champions.

Scarce had the lucid morn driven off the shade of night from the embrownd earth, and to action called forth the inhabitants of these regions, when the winged chorist-

ers in various notes broke the fatigued leader's repose. A murmur, not unlike the distant roar of a stream amidst obstructing stones, strikes *Arminius's* alarmed ear: he listens, and rejoices in it, as a prelude that the rising sun would see glorious proofs of *German* valour, of patriotism triumphant, and of tyranny's mercenaries routed, slaughtered, and driven out of the land so unjustly invaded.

Assist me, *Urania*, in suggesting to me the names of the heroes who on this important occasion appeared in arms to avenge their country's wrongs. Among them the first was *Rastolf*, chief of the *Catti*, who thus with haughty mien urged his aspiring claim. " *Arminius*, thy army, either myself or thee must head; this day the chief command should be settled, and who equal to the task but thou or me? No rival hast thou, myself excepted! and should the army not choose me, I

" of

“ of my own authority choose thee : but
 “ upon condition that one of the wings
 “ shall be under my command ; otherwise
 “ expect me not tamely to resign the gene-
 “ ralship.”

Arminius knowing his pride, with a smile assured him that his desire should be gratified, and both with a joyous air advance towards the arrayed troops. On *Arminius's* head shone a steel helmet, the snowy plume its only ornament ; a prominent breast covers that heroick heart, which for *Germania's* welfare now braved the hewing blade and missile javelin ; from his side hung that sword, so oft distained with hostile blood, and which ever pointed to victory ; on his arm was slung his long-tryed shield, deformed with many a bruise, in close fight acquired, but never lost *. Such were the accoutre-

* *Barre* says after *Tacitus*, to lose the shield is a very great disgrace among them ; so that they

accoutrements of the gallant *Arminius*, and from his triumphant looks the spirited bands presaged success and glory; and true their presages: the hero seconded his animating looks with more animating deeds, inspiring an ardour into their souls, which only flame the more at opposition.

Thousands now acclaiming, attend the hero *, and brandishing their sun-burnt arms aloft in the air, at once displayed their swords and their spears; across their breast

whose misfortune it hath been, never have the face to appear in publick; and many, to prevent reproach, have laid violent hands on themselves.

* Princes were considered according to their strength: *hæc dignitas*. Their grandeur consisted in having about them a number of well-made and bold young men, who in time of peace formed the main body of their court, and in war attended them in the field: *in pace decus, in bello præsidium*. *Barre*, vol. i. p. 10.

ran

ran an iron chain, worn by a military vow to efface their disgrace. The sight of this ignominious badge adds strength to freedom's call, and the head of a renowned foe purchases exemption from it. These *Rastolf* follows; his port and his garb attract each eye, and kindle high ideas of his future exploits: but soon to *Arminius* the general admiration returns; by his easy mildness he reconciles their hearts; and confident in his well-known valour, all wish under him to engage. With one suffrage, generals, officers, and soldiery call out, "An *Arminius*! Be *Arminius* our commander! Lead us on, *Arminius*! What we are able to do under *Arminius*, the *Romans* to their cost already know." One spirit seemed to actuate the various tribes, and unanimity, expressive of heaven's will, and the homage due to his superiour merit.

All

All these things *Discord* saw, while her malignant heart rankled with fell revenge and sorest pain at her baffled schemes; her aim being no less than to rend the divided world to its foundations. The restless fiend therefore again meditates new devices within her destructive bosom.

The hero now lays *Segesthes's* guilt before the indignant tribes; but at the same time commemorates his prowess, and laments the prevalence of *Rome's* seducements over a chief endued with great talents. To the assembly of princes also he condescends to refer his sentence, though on that sentence depended his own happiness and woe. "Princes," said he, "if my zeal against *Segesthes's* crimes has any merit with you, spare the virtuous *Thusnelda* those bitter pangs, that rankling grief, in which a sentence of rigid justice would involve her. Spare the father his forfeited life, for the daughter's sake.

“ fake. I have already shown my detesta-
 “ tion of his guilt ; I now intercede for cle-
 “ mency towards him. Dear and sacred
 “ is the tie which unites me to every *Ger-*
 “ *man*, but the ruling principle of all my
 “ actions is love for my country. To this
 “ early have I been devoted, and by vow
 “ have I confirmed it as a duty. Stedfast
 “ and ardent is my purpose to maintain
 “ it ; yet has not patriotism banished all
 “ sensation of love from my breast, and
 “ well surely may one with the other com-
 “ port. *Thusnelde*, princes, if she be such
 “ as my esteem represents her, will repair
 “ all her father’s crimes, and second my
 “ zeal for liberty. Women of her noble
 “ turn of mind have often been known to
 “ inflame the battle, and rouse the droop-
 “ ing courage of warriors.”

Never had motion been received with
 more unanimity in a *German* assembly ; all
 agree

agree to spare the father's life to the daughter's virtue. The abashed traitor hears the clement vote; yet even in this juncture of joy and gratitude, *Discord* envenoms his *Tartarian* soul. To *Arminius* he takes the military oath, but in words; his tongue promised fidelity, his mind broods mischief: through him *Discord* raises a destructive tempest.

The intrepid *German* now with shouts advances from the grove into the open field expecting instant war; never did *Arminius* appear more a hero! No recess escapes his piercing eye, to stratagem or force bidding a noble defiance. The enemy not appearing, he changes the form of his march, and contracts the ranks; the tumultuous motions of the various tribes soon terminates in order. The hero assigns them each their precedence, and directs their movements: all march in regular obedience to their majestick chief.

A body

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A body of horse compose the van, dexterous to fight at the same time that they retreat; by a well feigned flight oft had they deceived even a cautious enemy. These *Arminius*, as most alert in bringing speedy advice, sends before, while himself leads on the bold *Cherusci* *. Ardent they follow, regardless of their native huts; a people formed of a very adverse disposition, of repose and commotion equally fond, strenuous and hardy in the field, and after a successful war, immersing themselves in all the voluptuousness of coarse delights

* There was something terrible in the bare appearance of the *Cherusci*. They were much larger than other people, with broad breasts and shoulders, and a face near a foot square; yet the nose very small and pressed inwards, so as not to be seen but when standing near them; their aspect wild and cruel, but excellent horsemen, and very dexterous at the spear. *Barre*, vol. i. p. 117. After *Arminius's* time they degenerated, and fell under the *Catti*.

and indelicate dissoluteness. Their courage was ferocious, and terrible their form; broad rising shoulders displaying themselves behind, while a full prominent breast, with a square and broad countenance, and an enormous length of nose, appeared before.

The *Marfi* * next take place, a people dwelling in fens and marshy grounds, by which secured, they insolently defied all other powers, but a conquerour's sword at last reached them. Though their name speaks their origin, and with no honourable distinction, yet they ennoble it by valiant deeds. None more forward than they to rush on danger, none strike with a more nervous arm; ingenious amidst rudeness, they

* The *Marfi* bordered on the *Bructeri*. *Cell. Not. Orb. Ant. Tacit. lib. ii. c. 5.* They inhabited a part of *Westphalia*, and the bishoprick of *Paderborn*. *Barre, vol. i. p. 28.*

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convert the sickle into the cleaving sabre. Even a *Roman* sword is scarce a better weapon, and as it once levelled the yielding corn, now it lays low the opposing enemy.

Numerous bands from the gelid north *, fired with precipitate indignation against unknown invaders now poured down. Seldom in their pathless woods had clear day visited them, so that their feeble eyes could scarce bear the unobstructed light of the open fields; swift along the green sward their feet move nimbly, and even their savageness, with pleasure, views the plants and flowers that deck their chearful way.

From those dreary climes where, to the *Cerulean* main, the *Elbe* rolls its lucid

* These were the *Frisii*, who afterwards became more known. Their abode was a part of *Holland*. *Barre*, vol. i. p. 22.

waves,

waves, and where, in smokey cabins, the swarthy *German* drinks a brackish water; where, on the thick ice, amidst gloom and snow, the piercing north erects its throne, came the *Saxons* *, whose very appearance, even before they wielded their huge weapons, struck terror into the astonished foe. Succeeding times saw their numberless hosts covering the neighbouring lands, and greedy of fame and conquest, crossing the perilous ocean.

Under *Siegmund* march a thousand horse, in compleat armour graced; *Siegmund* the gallant son of an infamous father! But a

* In loco artem Foforum Saxones memorat, quæ validiffima gens poſtea evaſit Ptolemæus, ſupra collum ingenuit Cimbricæ Cherſoneſi; ſunt Saxones, quæ cauſa eſt ut Foſi Claveria, ſint ipſi Saxones. *Cell. Not. Orb. Ant. Tit. lib. ii. c. 5.* The *Saxons* inhabited *Helſheim*, as far as *Jutland*, and all the coaſt from the mouth of the *Elbe* to the *Rhine*. *Barre, vol. i. p. 23.*

father's

father's guilt stimulates the son to higher eminence; with horror he sees the brand, and by illustrious deeds labours to efface it. His father was *Segeſthes*, who now received his ill-employed life from *Thufnelde*'s charms. The beauteous maid heightened the pomp, mounted on a courſer which ſeemed to be ſenſible of its illuſtrious rider. The gallant nymph ſhines in armour all ſtudded over with gold; gorgeous her quiver, a gift from corrupting *Rome*; and from her twanging bow every arrow flew fraught with death, and with a ſwiftness which overtook the winged bird in its moſt rapid flight. The martial weapons her fair hands wielded with a graceful addreſs; the wild boar, the wolf, the bear, her ſure lance had oft pierced; and now was it to pierce *Germania*'s foes; a ſplendid weapon, with rich metals and curious gems exquisitely inlaid. *Thufnelde* confining her magnificence ſolely to arms, and abhorring gold

as her country's bane, no costly ornaments or jewels ever excited in her bosom one wish. But where are the *Thufnelde*s of our times! A purple ribbon, the hero's gift, sent as the spoil of the enemy, and distained with blood, bound her hair. Gold and diamonds now adorn the ringlets of our fair ones, and the rugged North itself affects show and delicacy.

Arminius alone was worthy of *Thufnelde*, and she of him. Never is virtue duely prized but by virtue: to which of them the balance of merit inclined, the most curious eye could not decide. The hero seeing his charming bride advance, with her valiant brother's well-appointed bands, from the sight of her derived an ardour and spirit superiour to all his former feelings. Virtue and courage are not irreconcilable enemies to love; and of all the virtues, the latter is the favourite of the fair. Even natural timidity

midity is oft roused by love to acts of desperate valour ; but when the lion's fierceness is inflamed by love, how dreadful the havock it makes ! Thus blazed *Arminius's* valour at sight of his fair *Thusnelde* ; her charms moved even the haughty *Rastolf* himself ; *Rastolf*, whose savage army marched onward with lowering front, while native rage flowed in their ruthless breasts. The earth groaned at every step they took ; the woods and air rang with the leader's imperious tread ; for the cholerick and firey heart betrays itself by the outward carriage, by a look or motion, or even by the still attitude. *Arminius* had gratified him with the command of one of the wings, and this command was the fierce corps which now advanced under its fiercer leader. It was composed of the *Catti*, who dwelled along the *Fulda*, and in the gloomy *Hartz*, in whose rich entrails the kind gods had then preserved unviolated, those seductive trea-

tures, in pursuit of which the debauched *Roman* braves opposing hosts, and when gained is as lavish of ; those treasures after which all ranks thirst with insatiate eagerness, and which kindle a flame even in the priest's consecrated heart.

Fired at freedom's glorious call, the *Chauci* and *Hermunduri* * join the hero ; and as their country borders on the *Che-rusci*, they follow them in the march. Their bodies a black bear's skin covers, hideous uniform ! yet stalk they, proud of the villous raiment, and their sole weapon is a broad sword. *Arminius* had reclaimed their brutal impetuosity in war, and introduced discipline and order among them ; hence, naturally wild and lawless, are they now so observant of command, the soldier's

* The country of the *Hermunduri* was part of the Palatinate ; *Bavaria*, *Vogtland*, *Misnia*, and part of *Thuringia*. *Barre*, vol. i. p. 22.

second quality, and perhaps the first, that a word, a sign from him, controls all their motions.

As *Neptune* riding over the tumultuous waves, with his trident assuages the enraged deep, so that all its fury subsides before his tremendous shell, and his fierce sea-horses shaking their dripping manes, own the commanding deity ; or, as the submissive floods form a cerulean field, while the god smiling views the liquid plains, pleased with the smoothness of his watery domain, the ready effect of his respected trident ; such a divine delight now swelled the hero's breast, such charms does command carry along with it, so strong the thirst of power. Even in *Siegmar* himself, by length of years and various experience wise, the dignity of his heroick son kindled emotions too strong to be concealed. " My worthy son," cried he, " how difficult I now find it to " refrain tears, the tears of exalted pride !

“ On occasions like this, a man is raised
 “ to some resemblance of a god. Delight-
 “ ful is the burthen of such a charge ! Does
 “ the purple then make us gods ! Receives
 “ worth any increase of dignity from roy-
 “ alty ! Shines forth virtue in her divine
 “ lustre and essential beauty only when
 “ seated on a throne, when amidst the
 “ ensigns of majesty she hurls her vindic-
 “ tive bolts against audacious vice !

“ Seldom have princes a due sense of their
 “ dignity ; the dazzling glitter of the dia-
 “ dem confines their sight ; pomp infatuates
 “ the mind. Reflect, O kings, on the glo-
 “ ry of making nations happy, and of che-
 “ rishing affectionate subjection with pater-
 “ nal care. To you the subject devotes his
 “ toils, his courage, his fortune, and his
 “ health ; what returns have ye not to make
 “ for such sacrifices ? Then convert not
 “ power, substituted for the general good,
 “ to selfish views ; so abused, it brings
 “ down

“ down sure mischief on the head of the
 “ possessor, and injustice always terminates
 “ in ruin.”

Arminius, though he rejoiced in the dignity of his station, yet had he also a deep sense of its duties; the welfare of mankind he saw so connected with them, that he lamented *Cæsar's* tyranny. “ Oh!” cried he, “ that thou hadst been influenced by
 “ the charms of gentle virtue, and not
 “ been misled by the false rays of glory,
 “ then wouldst thou not have been lifted
 “ up above thyself. Reputation gained by
 “ unnatural slaughter, to a lover of virtue,
 “ must appear horrid; wert thou one, the
 “ name of first citizen had been thy favourite title. It is by perpetual acts of
 “ bounty, and not by devastation, that
 “ the gods invite our affection and worship.”

To these intrepid warriors succeeded a band of faithful women *, who, to share their husbands toil, quitted the delights of domestick safety. No instruments were they of enervating debauchery ; with looks and words oft did they animate to successful perseverance in the fight, and to check the timorous novice's retreat, they place their children and themselves in the front of danger. The keen reproach inspires them with a courage unfelt before, and nature calls forth in them her utmost efforts. The blood-stained husband, when returned from battle, is received by his courageous wife with an enlivening smile ; she washes his sweaty body from the dust of the field, and

* The wives were inseparable companions to their husbands ; they even followed them to war. In that against the *Romans* the camp was their country. They married with those on their side ; and the ceremony was celebrated with *Scythian* and martial dances. *Barre*, vol. i. p. 13, 14.

foments

foments his wounds, intermingling with the kind office expressions of love and pleasantry. In their huts spring up a new race of warriors, whose tender limbs are formed to martial exercises; and the spirited daughter dances there untterrified amidst swords and spears, and amidst weapons they celebrate their very marriages. Arms are their portion; a war-horse their nuptial gift: thus is their wild virtue perpetuated even by love; while the *German* infant is trained up amidst war and blood, strengthening the vigorous mother's principles which eager he imbibed at her breast, and bold innocence completes the child into a hero. That with more swiftness also he may throw the spear in battle, early is he taught to pierce the flying wolf.

Thus marched the *German* bands towards the *Roman* camp, where late the debauched legions, all sense of honour banished, slept under splendid tents, in luxury's

ry's enervating arms; and in forcing which *German* courage had promised itself a worthy object. They shouted at the distant view; but approaching, wonder at the silence within, and more still when they find the camp empty. With admiration they behold the fixed tents, the order, the splendour, and the defenses of the circuit. Here the hero rests his spirited troops, and avails himself of the enemy's art.

The wary leader, who surveyed every circumstance with his own eyes, leaving nothing to report, himself now sees the rear march into the camp; small was the train of baggage they brought with them. Guards are posted on the neighbouring heights; and to *Edmund* alone privy to his most secret purposes, and well deserving his confidence, he gives these concise orders:
“ Should the enemy appear on that side,
“ reinforce that party with your whole
“ corps;

“ corps ; as to your own post, I rely on
 “ your vigilance.” The sun began now
 to decline in the golden tinged heavens,
 faintly scattering forth the remains of lucid
 day ; when the quarters are assigned to each
 corps, and the weary troops soon sink into
 refreshing sleep. All these motions *Segeſthes*
 saw, and with malignant smile observed ;
 but in treachery and craft too deeply im-
 mersed to indulge repose. An escape to
Varus employed his plotting imagination,
 and by wicked address he accomplishes his
 pernicious design.

Already had *Varus*, ardent his past re-
 missness to repair, ordered his troops to
 arms ; and *Marcus* laughing at the *Ger-*
mans incautious simplicity, and their un-
 timely sleep, proposes a surprise : “ Thus,”
 said he, “ shall one bold stroke at once
 “ quell these savages, and drive back their
 “ vapouring hero’s threats on his own tur-
 “ bulent

"bulent head." As when in the clefted
 rock concealed, the eagle with glaring eye
 catches its prey, so *Varus* his envenomed
 look turns towards the *German* host, when
 lo ! towards him approaches the perjured
 ingrate *Segeſthes*, whom *Varus* hastily thus
 greets: "No reward, worthy Prince, is
 "too great for thy zeal; say, what shall
 "Rome do for thee? Wouldſt thou have
 "the *Cheruſci*, the *Catti*, and the *Chauci*
 "added to thy ſubjects? or does any other
 "country more engage thy wiſh? Only
 "aſk, and whiſt *Rome* from her ſeven
 "hills beholds the conquered world, no
 "boon ſhall the faithful *Segeſthes* demand
 "which the mighty *Cæſar* will not grant,
 "and againſt the envious attempts of *Ger-*
 "*man* power will he maintain thy acqui-
 "ſitions."

Thus flattered the arrogant chief his baſe
 hireling with a choice of dominions. *Se-*
geſthes was to be *Germania's* potent King ;
 yet

yet not less *Rome's* servile dependent. The crown was to adorn his front; the highest dignity purchased by the blackest guilt, treachery against his country! Thus each of them forges shackles for freedom's princely champions; each flatters the other's presumptive hopes, and both meditate the conquest of each other. *Varus* intends, when the present war shall be extinguished, to involve *Segesthes* in the general ruin; and *Segesthes*, with his augmented power, purposed the massacre and expulsion of all foreign bands.

But behold the gracious will of heaven favours the secure tribes. From the vapoury west a cloud big with storms advances: the rolling thunder shakes the dreadful meteor, while the livid flash flames through the gloomy atmosphere, and the four elements wage tumultuous war. Whole cataracts of rain pour down, sulphureous fires dart along the singed ground, all nature labours

labours in destructive convulsions. Where then is *Roman* fortitude ! How were the superstitious invaders struck with terroure when the lightening to shivers reduced one of their eagles, and slew the standard-bearer ! Trembling and aghast, numbers of them turn their backs to fly ; and the shame was now becoming general, when *Segesthæ*, with grim aspect, and gesture of furious intrepidity, kindled again in their souls their extinguished courage : the sting of a foreigner's reproach revived the *Roman* pride.

“ Noble *Varus*,” said *Segesthæ*, “ the
“ gods declare for us.” He whose flagitious
mind denied the existence of gods, who
had violated the most sacred ties, and to
his ambition now sacrificed this very coun-
try which honest nature entitled to his ten-
derness and protection ; “ The gods,” said
he, “ declare for us ; they, by these flames,
“ point

“ point out to you the objects of your re-
 “ venge. There is a flash!——It gave you
 “ a full view of their advanced guards :
 “ come on then, let us quicken our march,
 “ and this lucky tempest shall add to the
 “ horrors of the assault.” *Varus*, nettled
 at the superiour bravery of a *German*, col-
 lects all his ardour, and *Segesthes* assists it
 with counsels. “ *Varus*,” resumed he,
 “ place a body of veterans under my com-
 “ mand, and the blustering *Arminius* shall
 “ soon feel what *Roman* valour can achieve.
 “ I will stake my life on the success. It
 “ is on their rear that I propose to fall ;
 “ your’s be the honour of attacking them
 “ in front.” *Varus* approves the plan : the
 proposed division is made ; and now the
 legions, to expiate their late offense, ap-
 plaud their leader, and call the gods to
 witness, that they will neither take nor give
 quarter.

Arminius,

Arminius, amidst the firey terroures which swept along the hissing air, wakeful, and on important thoughts intent, sends for *Rastolf*, who with intrepid alacrity joins him. “ Now, brave Prince,” said he, “ will we visit our out-posts, and see whether they keep a good watch, and pay a punctual obedience to our caution against a surprise. Evil oft betides him who confides in the soldier’s vigilance; the officer himself sinks into remissness, when no superiour is nigh.” Amidst the impetuous rain and blinding flash the two warriors go the rounds, and praise the vigilance they find at every post. The tempest raged, but the hardy *German* retreated not from his station.

The adventurous *Romans* now drew near to the out-guards, when by a flash the wide expanse seemed kindled into a blaze. *Arminius* sees *Varus* in rich accoutrements, animating his dismayed host; sees the glittering

tering eagles ; observes with what cautious silence the troops hasten towards the heights, and the preparations making for the two attacks. “ *Rastolf*,” said he, “ instant assemble the divided guards ; and myself will straight get the main body under arms : I expect every thing from thy well-known courage.” Having thus spoken, the hero solicitous pushes for the slumbering camp, where all, at their beloved chieftain’s call, start up alert for action ; and at his command again all prostrate themselves close on the ground, and silent wait, not so much as a breath being heard. *Rastolf*, expert in war, joins them with silent haste, and is every where present, holding both wings in readiness, but mute, as if still locked in the arms of sleep. *Siegmar* also, forgetful of his old age, shows himself, eager to crown his former glory by a decisive encounter.

So on the fertile banks of the slimy *Nile*, lies the ensnaring crocodile, counterfeiting sleep, till the mistaken traveller passing by with incautious step becomes its prey ; so the wiley tiger, stretched out on the ground as dead, entices the eagle to stoop to its carcase, which thus is devoured by its expected prey.

An awful silence now filled the dusky air, save when the increasing thunders rattled in the bellowing valley: even the owl, to darkness inured, trembled ; and the fiercest beasts shrink within their holds. The very eagles, which in their bold flight dare the beamy sun, now wildly soar, or with horrid scream dash against the earth, blinded by the repeated flashes. Whilst the wide atmosphere thus shook with incessant peals of thunder, and the lightnings hissed through deluging showers, accursed *Discord*, whose eyes sparkle at calamitous objects, bids defiance to the tempestuous skies,

skies, and descending to the earth in a sulphureous cloud, fit vehicle for so malignant a deity, assumes a peasant's disguise; his garb, his gait, and rustick voice. Under this form she hastens to *Segeſthes*, offering to shew him by-ways for the sure execution of his scheme. The traitour gladly puts himself under the guidance of the imaginary peasant, who led him through unknown paths and concealing woods, to within a small distance of the camp.

Here *Segeſthes* waited the joyful hour which was to deliver a sceptre into his hand, and extend his sway over vanquished nations; but the provident *Arminius* defeats his certainty. To secure the rear of his army, he posts in that part a corps of veterans, grown familiar with dangers, who with look serene and resolute step, march through ditches, woods, and fords, eager to force the embattled foe. To these he also adds a band of vigorous youths, here

to make their first essay in arms, who inexperienced pant for the battle, as a novelty. The hero now wonders, that on such a sudden alarm, *Segeſthes*, ſo verſed in reſources, makes not his appearance among the reſt. Great minds are not apt to ſuſpect; but on the contrary are often too ſlow for their own ſafety; that *Segeſthes*, after the ſacredneſs of an oath, his forfeited life ſpared, and the heroick example of his ſon, and even of his fair daughter in the field, ſhould be guilty of ſuch atrocious perfidy, he cannot ſurmife. Seeing *Siegmar* armed, he ſays to him, “Honoured
“ father, and venerable hero, ſince thou wilt
“ ſhare with us the glories and dangers of
“ this important day, to thee I commend
“ my dear *Thuſnelde*, and in her my life:
“ reſtrain her from following the ardour of
“ her courage; entreat her, for *Arminius*’s
“ ſake, not to expoſe herſelf to danger be-
“ yond the juſt call of honour.” Turn-
ing then to the Princeſs,

“ My

“ My fair *Thufnelde*,” said he, “ to
 “ thee I entrust my father, and should
 “ the enemy penetrate thus far, defend his
 “ feeble age, and show the world what fee-
 “ male valour can do :” Thus to both
 recommending each other’s preservation,
 and in both kindling equal courage and af-
 fection. Now borne on his swift steed,
 awful as the god of war, the hero hastens
 to where his presence was most required.
 A shout of victory, too hasty presumption !
 proclaims the enemy’s near approach. The
Germans, fired at the insult, rose to charge,
 and scarce could their adored chief himself
 confine within proper bounds their danger-
 ous impetuosity.

As two adverse storms pent within dense
 clouds, meet in dreadful shock, the clouds
 bursting, the explosion shakes the firma-
 ment, thunders roar and lightnings flash
 in contest, all the air seems conflicting fire,

nor ceases the horroir till the fermenting materials are consumed; so in furious uproar close the *Romans*, confident of the supposed surprise. With a wild cry of war they press on, while the bold *Germans* repel the attack. Dire was the shock of the two hosts; the whole expanse shook with the stormy war. *Arminius*, however, soon brake the confused *Romans*, who as suddenly fall again on the *Germans*. Now both amazed hastily retreat, till in both armies the regular signal is given for action. Then under heaven's firey cope raged *Romans* and *Germans*, storm and tempest, in mingled fight.

2C MR 59

END of the NINTH BOOK.

A R M I-

ARMINIUS:

OR,

GERMANIA FREED.

BOOK X.

H 4

ARGU-

ARGUMENT TO BOOK X.

Rastolf routs the Moors. Arminius rescues the chief of the Chauci. Discord shows Segeſthes the moſt advantageous way: he falls on the rear of the camp, but is oppoſed by Siegmar and Thuſnelde. The daughter, amidſt the darkneſs, breaks her father's helmet, after which both faint. In the mean time Arminius gains the advantage. Funeral of Siegmar, who is ſlain by Segeſthes. The Germans continue their march, and diſcover the enemy's camp.



ARMI.

ARMINIUS:

O R,

GERMANIA FREED.

RASTOLF, with his fierce *Catti*, impetuously charges from the left wing, while *Arminius* hastens to the staggering rear. There many a daring foe falls by his dexterous arm; and even the timorous who were retreating, his keen rebukes and successful example animate to renew the fight. How many actions worthy of fame's loftiest notes had then sunk into silent oblivion, had not the streaming flashes every moment diffused light through the tumultuous field! Triumphant *Rastolf*, in the midst of his career,

career, a career to many a *Roman* fatal, receives a blow from a poisoned blade. A base *Numidian* had dipped his weapon in a dragon's venom, and horrid was the death of all who fell victims to his barbarity. For no sooner had his lashed javelin given the intended wound, than his expert arm, with effort swift, withdrew it again for repeated murders.

But from *Rastolf's* well-tempered shield the infernal weapon rebounds, and the hero, with rapid fury, prevents a second emission of the recovered spear, with the *Moor's* sooty gore staining the thirsty sand. The wretch who before loudly boasted the numbers slain by his envenomed weapon, now gnashing his teeth with grim agony, expires in uncouth murmurs. A *Libyan*, confident of his skill to launch the missive javelin, or wield the sword, advances next, eager to gain that glory in which the fell *Numidian* had failed : vain arrogance ! One stroke

stroke of *Rastolf's* blade severs his grinning head from the trunk, which long heaved with convulsive writhings. *Treumund*, thou worthy leader of the dauntless *Chauci*, how shall my muse recount thy deeds! The numbers which thy rapid sword mows down! But sad reverse of war! *Marcus* hastens to oppose thy resistless fury, and bravely kills the leader's fiery steed. In its fall it rolls over the hero, on which the questor instantly dismounts, with murderous intent, and had now obscured the grand luminary of war, but that *Arminius* here steps in opportunely to oppose him: still however the brave *Roman* continues his efforts, and wreaks his revenge on meaner objects.

Varus now dreading the consequences of a confused action, and enraged to find his surprise baffled by the hero's vigilance, retains no longer any hope but from *Sagsthes's* stratagem. In this view he still
animates

animates the haughty *Romans*, who inflamed at the unexpected resistance they met with, had long urged the contest to its highest pitch, till despair at length slackened their nerves. Fell *Discord* exulted while here *Destiny* held the scale balanced, crouds of intermingled foes being slain in the contention to force it on their side. *Segesthes*, in the mean time, unobserved, had reached the trench which surrounded the camp; his band support each other in their endeavours to mount the aspiring rampart; but a shower of darts damps the bold assailants: they renew the charge again, but horrid the slaughter! and the carcases filling the trench, expose their avengers still more to the enemy's weapon.

Siegmar, with renovated ardour, animates his men; and the active *Thufnelde* springs on the rampart, calling out to follow: her sex and her form a powerful incentive

to imitation. *Segeſthes*, thou ſo falſe to thy oath and to thy country, what ſtruggling paſſions now flame in thy boſom at thy heroick daughter's voice ! Wildly he ruſhes forward, and with his own hands fixes a ladder againſt the rampart. " For ſhame, "*Romans*," cryed he, " to be thus repelled by a decrepid old man and a girl ! " Come on ! on ! For your honour's ſake advance, and ſlay them both at one on-ſet, ſo ſhall the day then be your own."

Thus ſaying, all-furious he leads the way, till a huge ſtone precipitates him from the very ſummit of the rampart : yet ſuch ſtill is his fermenting rage, that it overcame his reaſon, and ſenſe of the painful contuſion he received ; and ſoon again is he ſeen, with unabated violence, leading the *Romans* on againſt the left wing ; but the *German* vigour ſuſtained the ſhock. Oh, that reflective age, and not firey youth had borne the command ! Oh, that

the pomp of victory had not dazzled the victor! Indeed, were the charms of glory less brilliant, fewer would court her through such toils and hazards, and what numbers have fallen in the airy pursuit! Oft too feeble victory eludes our strong hopes, escapes our hands, and not the best blood lavishly effused can retrieve her; so fared it, alas! upon this occasion. *Leumund*, impetuous youth, disdaining a courage merely defensive, as unproductive of honour, burns to face the enemy in open ground, and thus, with enthusiastick clamour, and brandishing high his sword, calls aloud, “ Fellow
“ soldiers! Shall *Germans* skulk behind a
“ rampart, because secured by a deep
“ trench! What, are ye afraid then to
“ come to blows! Were *Arminius* here,
“ or the glorious *Ariovistus*, what would
“ they say to you of such timidity? You
“ promised better things, and now is the
“ time for performance. Come on, ye
“ who

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“ who are men of spirit ; let all true Ger-
“ mans follow me.”

The wiley traitor observes the impatient youth, and by an ensnaring retreat, stimulates him to destructive temerity. All *Leumund*'s corps, stung with the reproach of their leader, shouting, follow his rash example ; not one remains within the inaccessible mound : glory and booty fire their minds ! How glorious to bear the first honours of the day ! Without aid to drive the scattered foe. The same rage, the same fatal mistakes, the same hopes urge them on ; what seemed at first sight impossible, is performed by them with ease : nor can height nor depth stop their frantick steps. Even the respectable *Siegmar*, and the plumed *Thufnelde* are borne away by the wild torrent. Ah, wretched pride ! which from the rampart whence they poured down easy destruction on the disheartened enemy,

drew these gallant warriors into the vale, where, by superiour force environed, they fell, though an advantage dearly purchased by the slaughtered foe.

As a well armed pirate, at sight of a vessel slackens his sail, and by artifices, to the mariner not unknown, seems at every motion fully laden to plough the deep, till the unsuspecting prey comes within his reach ; then his artillery proclaims his trade: so falls the unnatural *Segeſthes* on the weak *Germans*, whose desperate courage now only hastens their death, being all cut off from even hope of retreat. *Leumund* first drops, the first promoter of the imprudent attack ; so horrid too the wound, that his reeking blood issues in torrents from his mouth. *Siegmar* also now kneels tottering behind his shield, at which *Thufnelde* flies to defend the venerable old man, while *Discord* applauds the raging havock.

What

What a carnage is now made! Darts whizz! stones rattle! destruction dire! The traitor presses on, eager to reach the feeble old *Siegmar*; when lo, a strange terror, a trembling chill suddenly seized his inflamed heart! He sees his own daughter with manly ardour opposing him; and wishes to avoid the unnatural conflict. “*Rome*,” cried he, “in all thy wars never hast thou seen battle before like this! Behold the daughter’s weapon lifted up against her father!” In the tumult of his distracted breast, he shuts his eyes, gnashes his teeth, and wildly tosses about his head. *Thufnelde*, however, discovers not her unworthy father: with heroick composure she covers her charge, and *Siegmar* observing the heroine’s care, puts up grateful wishes to heaven for her safety. For him had the gods in many assaults preserved, and drawn out his thread to an uncommon length; but now an envious sword

cuts it in twain, and *Segeſthes*, in ſavage
inſult, thus triumphs over him.

“ Die, *Siegmar*, here die; and know
“ that it is not by a *Roman* hand thou pe-
“ riſheſt; a *Cheruſcan* gave thee the fatal
“ thruſt: from your hands he now wreſts
“ the victory, and ſtill ſhall the *Germans*
“ groan under the load of *Roman* fetters.
“ This have I myſelf achieved; this is the
“ work of my own daring ſoul.” *Sieg-*

mar gently withdrew to the manſions of the
blessed heroes; no revenge or pride con-
vulſe his comely corſe. On his guilty mur-
therer he caſt a look of pity, in which
gleamed a ſpark of deteſtation. His pro-
tectreſs's grief vented not itſelf in female
tears on this occaſion, but ſuitably to the
exigency, ſhe collects her utmoſt ſtrength
and fortitude, and joining the combatants,
checks her unknown father's progreſs,
whoſe helmet ſhe even breaks in cloſe fight.

The

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The traitor falls, hoarsely muttering forth
curses on the hand that had thus abused
him. All his limbs shiver, and a pale
horror deforms his countenance. His
coarse voice first discovered him to his
daughter; the sword, the cause of her
agony, instant drops from her hand; she
faints, and now that heart scarce vibrates,
which, but the moment before so strongly
beat with martial ardour.

The gentle muse startles abhorrent at such
conflicts, conflicts in poesy unheard of.
Some have sung *Rome* bleeding by *Roman*
swords; brothers encountering brothers;
and some have celebrated the heavens shaken
by giants waging furious war against the
gods. But no bard has ever tuned his lyre
to commemorate a battle, wherein the
daughter imbrued her weapon in a fa-
ther's blood; better indeed shed by another
hand, though never did the earth drink in
viler gore.

Siegmund now advances with his expeditious band, and by a vigorous charge breaks the *Romans*, who were on the point of giving ground, when alarmed he perceives a contest between two combatants, whose habiliments spoke their high rank; but what generous pangs rend his heart, when, alas! too late to prevent it, he comes up and sees the issue. Father and sister alternately share his lamentations. Shame and remorse appear in *Segeſthes*'s treacherous eyes, while silent he broods o'er some malign comfort. *Thusnelde*, with tender duteousness, cleanses him from blood and dust, while affectionate tears trickle down her cheeks: at this, even thyself, O *Segeſthes*, thy country's baneful foe, wert a little moved, and those eyes now wept which had never wept before. The briny tears however he dries up, and strives to repress all marks of sorrow: strange force of pride over virtue and nature! To conquer thee

is the peculiar glory only of the real hero and the real sage.

In the mean time, *Varus* seeing the superiority of *German* valour, availed himself of the sable night; the sulphureous nourishment of the storm being spent from the clouded heavens, no rain now descended: amidst this favouring darkness the crest fallen eagles withdraw in cautious silence, while the hero, not less skilled in retreat than intrepid in action, connives at the enemy's hasty flight, lest a pursuit might endanger the confused troops. But the fiery *Rastolf*, with his wild bands, hastens after the *Romans*; at his approach *Varus* forms, and the battle is again renewed. In vain the *Catti* now exert their ferocity; skill and discipline had gained the advantage, when *Arminius* opportunely coming in, rescues his precipitate friend. Yet no acknowledgement for the timely relief deigned he to make, but broke out into

outrageous invectives against the *German* troops, as remiss in pursuing, and backward in the fight. The prudent hero calmly hears these ebullitions of ferocious bravery, still adhering to the conduct he had so wisely planned, and amidst the blaze of victory preserved a cautious sedateness, while the army waited the approach of day under arms; parties were also posted in the woods, the vallies, on the heights, and in the plain, his main body standing ready for sudden action.

Arminius having thus provided against a surprise, and restored order and safety within the camp, next visits the scene of *Segeftes*'s devices; without bestowing a look on the execrable wretch, he thus bespoke *Siegmund*, with an aspect of endearment: "Thy father's life," said he, "receive as
"an acknowledgement of thy heroism, and
"out of regard to *Thufnelde*, valiant as
"she is fair." Then with grief oppressed,
he

he feigns not to know by whom his father's precious blood was shed, though inwardly lamenting that by so infamous an arm he fell. "*Siegmar*," cried he, "thou best of fathers, thy country's ever devoted champion, whose active youth has been distinguished with a thousand actions as well great as good; vigorous bloomed thy virtue in languid age, and thy very death is enviable! To die like thee is truly heroick! Armed in freedom's cause to fall, is a glory not to be surpassed by monarchs!"

Now from the empurpled east advanced the rosey-fingered morn, grateful harbinger of the radiant sun, which broke forth in all his glory; but soon a dusky red obscures his rays, shocked at the sight of fields covered with slain, fields on whose verdant herbage his setting beams had smiled, but where *Discord*'s bloody standards are now widely displayed: the benign planet was

struck with horror (so says tradition) at man's woes, and the whole atmosphere showed tokens of commiseration.

What night had concealed from the abhorrent eye, the effects of *Roman* and *German* rage, now appeared ; a bloody scene, so bloody that even *Rastolf* himself views it with a transient concern. But his chief trouble, and which swelled to indignation, was that in this carnage he had had no share ; scarce with decent mien therefore can he attend the hero, who had sent for him. " Brave *Rastolf*," said *Arminius*, " our victory indeed demands my tears ; " but it is not for men to indulge sorrow, " and in us from whom attention is due " to the general welfare, it were perfectly " criminal. Beyond the emotions of " nature also I have no cause for grief : if " of a father deprived, he died full of years " and of glory ; died for his country, and " that sword in hand. We will now then " com-

“ commit the venerable corse to the earth,
 “ amidst the lonely gloom of sacred oaks,
 “ and celebrate his obsequies over the ene-
 “ my.” A grateful concern saddens all
 the soldiery; every tongue is full of *Sieg-*
mar’s praise; and as *Arminius’s* father, his
 deserts shine with more affecting lustre.

The bards, in lofty symphony, raise their
 voices to celebrate *Siegmar’s* praise. They
 sing his feats in war, and omit not his
 amiable civil life; his justice, his bene-
 volence, his veneration of the gods, and
 his love for man. Ferocity itself seems
 absorbed in tenderness: how mournful stand
 the *Cherusci* and *Catti* with downcast looks!
 Some extol his wisdom, others the active-
 ness of his courage; while some sing his
 candour and humanity, and some his cheer-
 fulness under the weight of a protracted
 old age. The hoary warriors live over
 again the youthful years they passed under
 his banner, and the young lament him as
 their

their model ; him, whom they had proposed to themselves to imitate.

Arminius dissolves in placid joy ; he sees the transcendency of virtue ! That homage which it commands both from natural instinct and from polished manners ! He sees that no praise is fraught with the sweetness, the weight and dignity of that which, with tears, is poured forth by the affected heart ; of that with which, even relenting envy herself rejoices to adorn the memory ; of that which resounds from the mouths of weeping friends. “ Is then,” said he within himself, “ our greatest happiness deferred to our death ? Is it not till we are reduced to lifeless clay, that envy ceases her rancorous devices !” So ruminated the hero ; and advancing up to the reverend corse, thus duteously addressed the silent audience. “ Princes, leaders, and fellow-soldiers, may all honours rest on *Siegmar’s* head !

" head ! His high deserts entitle him to a
 " place among the immortal heroes ! He
 " it was who roused me from an ignomi-
 " nious slumber ; it was he who awakened
 " all the *German* in me, and proposed the
 " present enterprise to my soul. At his
 " exhortation I took up arms, and my mea-
 " sures have been directed by his experi-
 " enced wisdom. Oh, *Siegmar* ! that thou
 " hadst yet lived.—But your tears, my
 " my gallant friends, are his best enco-
 " mium. Permit me also to show a sen-
 " sible heart, and pay the same tribute
 " of filial piety to his memory.

" Sorrow debases not the man when there
 " is sufficient cause for it ; but here a last-
 " ing sorrow would be disgraceful, as the
 " cause is wanting on this occasion. My
 " father died in arms against his country's
 " foes. What we strive after, he has
 " gained. He is free ! an associate of the
 " illustrious dead ! and still our necks are
 " threatened

“ threatened with *Rome*’s oppressive yoke.
“ You all loved him, my fellow-soldiers;
“ and I make no doubt, will join with me
“ in celebrating his obsequies in the man-
“ ner to him the most pleasing, a slaughter
“ of our enemy. Oh hero ! Oh father !
“ whose superiour virtue I fall so short of,
“ if from thy blessed mansion thy looks
“ can now reach this earth, thou shalt see
“ thy son ever treading in thy glorious
“ steps ; thou shalt see *Arminius* ever act-
“ ing as becomes thy offspring ; thou shalt
“ see him ever asserting *Germania*’s free-
“ dom. May thy virtues make an impres-
“ sion on every malignant heart ! May the
“ lustre of thy fame kindle emulation every
“ where ! To thee, sacred freedom, *Armi-*
“ *nus* consecrates this august victim ! For
“ thee he fell, and do thou, earth, receive
“ the venerable corpse ; preserve it invio-
“ late ; for to *Siegmar*, great in counsels
“ and in arms, thou owest the precious li-
“ berty thou yet enjoyest.”

Now

Now on the bier, weeping, he lays *Siegmar's* shield, a monument more honourable than modern marble, prostituted to adulation and profanery, in the house of that awful Power who hates a lie. The universal grief bursts from all hearts; and lamentations, and the clang of clashing arms shake the very air, while the *Che-rusci*, all in tears (no eye so savage but tears have wet them) deposite the corpse in the concealing grave; the neighbouring oaks, the impassioned host hangs with arms, meet decorations, while spears distained with blood, shields and swords, proclaim the hero's worth and soldier's reverence.

Did ever pompous *Ægypt* behold so glorious a monument? Has she by gums and pyramids eluded the injuries of time? Has not corruption preyed on her corpses, and oblivion darkened their fame? The
monarch

monarch so splendidly enshrined, and the spurned slave, are they not now on a level? From the most precious drugs extract the essence, from all corruption cleanse the corpse, then o'er this pittance of embalmed earth raise the sculptured marble; but remember, this ostentatious parade will be forgotten like the common grave. “ Sooner
“ would I, like *Siegmar*, lie naked in a
“ free ground, with no sorrowing relations
“ near me, no friendly hand to close my
“ eyes, were but my death like his; fallen
“ for his country and liberty. Is such a
“ happiness the portion only of heroes?
“ Oh, that on such tablets were my virtues
“ engraved, a death so honourable, this
“ very day with pleasure would I meet!”
Such were the sayings which went among the chiefs; for wisely they preferred *Siegmar*'s honours to the triumphant arch or column, often the perverted reward of baseness,

ness, and perpetuating the infamy of him to whom it is erected.

The base *Segeſthes*, with infernal pleasure, hears these praises, and silently glories in the murderous deed which had caused such universal grief; yet in his heart he swells with rancorous passions: tears, tears of rage stand in his glaring eyes, and gnashing his teeth, he turns his lowering look from the funeral honours, scowling at his own applauded race: horrid, perverse pride! that reflects not on itself but with farther guilt.

The filial rites thus solemnly paid, *Arminius* reassumes his important cares, and meditates, by new exploits, to effect his country's freedom, and emblazon the glory of its arms. He hastens to improve the victory, before the soldiers fermenting spirits subside. The active spirit, intelligent
in

in war, disdains all fame, and withstands the allurements of repose, till the completion of its enterprise, till opposition be hewn down to the roots: Thus act true heroes, and thus acted *Arminius*: his high mettled steed well seconds his alertness with rapid ardour; nor fen nor ditch retard its thundering hoofs: thus the prudent hero quits his respected father's grave, and pursues the disordered *Romans*; their fears, and the *Germans* opinion of superiour valour being yet fresh in all minds. *Segeßhes*, with clouded brow follows his silent children, silenced himself by his guilt: their aspect spoke the generous prevalence of virtue above nature; his a resentment unnatural, as being both against his country and his offspring, and further blackened with the deep die of ingratitude.

As when hostile ships discharge their thunders on the resounding main, and distain the *Cerulean* plains with human gore,
while

while the shouts and cries of those engaged heighten the tumult of the scene. *Neptune* alarmed, starts from his azure throne, and *Triton* wipes his dripping hair from his forehead, with his loud horn at the same time sounding in vain, for the outrageous waves disregard their god; till at last the uproar ceasing, with what transport the victorious fleet surveys the deformed main: guns with triumphant salutes, the acclaiming mariner, and the variegated streamers waving from the decked masts, proclaim the victory; every ship plumes with a memorial of the glorious fight, whilst each comrade, with cordial shake, congratulates his comrade. So elate with spoil marched the *Germans*, eager to renew the conflict, a second harvest to them of gain and of glory. One, with insulting laugh, on his erect sword bears a plumed crest; another glories in his battered shield; another with swelling mien wraps himself in a purple

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robe; in some joy overpowers their very speech. But no signs of chearfulness were seen in *Thusnelde*; transcendent heroine! Her father's crimes, and her country's weal, divided her noble heart.

Rastolf, with sanguinary pride, boasts the numbers of his *Catti* slain; he had passed them in review before him since the action, and grimly smiled at the numbers missing, as a proof of superiour valour and signal worth. Next he views his sword; the blood on it fills him with joy, and is left there to feast his own eyes, as well as to be an incentive to his bands. He leers, watching whether his stained shield or hacked bear-skin on his enormous shoulders attracted due admiration. Each, in short, is intent on the gratifications of his own pride, a passion unjust to others, and tormenting to ourselves. Even the coward, and the pusillanimous caitiff who fought
through

through constraint, figured now in their oaken chaplets ; vile debasement of the soldier's honour. Many also boast the achievements of their sword, though with trembling hand they drew it ; and vapouring brandish their harmless weapons in the hissing air, decking themselves with laurels, springing from their forgotten fellow-soldiers blood.

Arminius, with pleasure, saw the martial spirit of his men ; nor was he himself insensible of the elevating joys of victory. But reflection preserved all her power over his heart : amidst the loudest effusions of joy, he forgot not his station. To the noble heart victories are documents against self-deceit ; they remind him of the disgrace which beset presumptuous security ! He flies to complete his generous plan. The bold eagle, which soaring to the sun, urges its lofty flight through opposing clouds, still

mounts unwearyed beyond the ken of mortal eye ; so the sage, climbing virtue's arduous steep, sits not down at a small ascent, but amidst hatred and mockery, continues his laborious efforts up the craggy steep, till the summit gained, rewards his generous toil with inexpressible joy, an unclouded serenity and rapturous antepasts of the celestial felicity.

Phæbus, from a golden cloud, looks down pleased on the spirited warriors ; the heavens array themselves in fairest radiance ; all things smile : the gladdening vales seem to heave, and the acclaiming mountains extend themselves into a plain before the admired host ; the boar stands aloof fixed in admiration of their march ; the stag from an eminence views the hardy warriors, and the birds applaud them in enlivening notes.

Glow

Glows this heroick exultation in *Segeſthes*'s breast! Alas! every chearful movement is denied to perfidy; the gloomy wretch frowns at the sprightly motions of his prancing steed: may such rankling gloom ever prey on the betrayer of his country. The furious tiger devours not its kind; the inhabitants of the desert break not the ties of nature; each gluts his rage for blood on a different species; but with most keen riot they feast on man, the ruthless foe of them all, and of one another.

Thus together rode *Rastolf* and *Arminius*, overflowing with heroick joy, till at length the fortified camp appears in view*.

The

* The first object which presented itself to the *Romans*, on their entrance into this dismal country under *Germanicus*, was *Varus*'s camp, known by its large circuit, and the vestiges of three *Principia* (places where the ensigns were

The fight inflames the army with a sudden rage; their rapid feet shake earth, wood, and air; and corps animates corps in mutual acclaim. The woods ring with the clang of arms, while a thrilling anxiety pervades the enraged host.

Rastolf, with precipitate ardour, commands an immediate charge, and heads his *Catti*; shouting, they obey his signal. But *Arminius* perceives the rash movement, and hastens to the ferocious chief. "Brave "*Rastolf*," cried he, "halt! Thy courage carries thee too far; the men are "
"spent with fatigue; and however high "
"in spirits, are not equal to the attack: to

placed) which separated the three legions from each other. A little farther they came to a ruinous fort, with a trench nearly filled up, where the relicks of the *Roman* army are thought to have fortified themselves. *Barre*, vol. i. p. 145.

"force

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“ force such a camp, requires a courage supported by strength and vigour. Halt then, my friend.” *Rastolf*, reluctant, yields. His distorted features speak strong discontent: The prudent *Arminius*, however, unsolicited, confers on him the command of the first assault, in which also his *Gatti* were to compose the van. This condescension appeased his savage ire. The hero, whose sagacity no advantage could escape, possesses himself of an eminence, which furnished him with a full view of the whole camp, its position, arrangement, works, and engines. He rejoices in the grand spectacle, whence *German* arms were soon to reap such illustrious honours.

The descending sun now lengthened his evening beams, and night, a friend to repose, prepared to involve the wearied earth; but impatience and anxiety secluded the balmy illapses of sleep. The sentinels of

each army, so near their station, hear each other's call. *Arminius* promises himself victory; *Varus* passes through all the lines, and with courteous words exhorts his *Romans* to a resolute defense: happy to maintain his ground, his wishes now rise no higher. The *Romans* determine to raise their sinking reputation, while a second harvest of spoils and glory is the motive which impells the *Germans* to action.

26 MR 59

END of the TENTH BOOK.

ARMINIUS:

OR,

GERMANIA FREED.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK XI.

Varus commands a sacrifice. Aruns gives an account of the observations made in it, and relates his dream. Day breaks. The Roman general makes a speech to his soldiers, and issues out the necessary orders. Arminius also acquits himself of his several duties. The attack begins; and for a long time is dubious. On this Treumund advises Arminius to order a retreat, as it might tempt the Romans to quit their entrenchments. His advice is followed by the herd.



A R M I

ARMINIUS:

OR,

GERMANIA FREED.

THE chief having, with haughty confidence, viewed the works of his camp, now deemed impregnable, withdraws to his tent; to him his soft couch was as the hard ground, solicitude raging in his swollen veins, denies him repose, though his fatigued limbs incline him to restorative sleep; but his ulcerated mind counteracts the balmy effect: various passions, the intrusive companions of greatness, at such a crisis, harass his soul. He now recollects that there are
gods,

gods, that in their hands are the events of all sublunary things; that skill and courage, if by them opposed, are of no avail: their favour, therefore, he proposes by pompous sacrifices to obtain; thus, by every method, endeavouring to insure victory, which he knew the liberal emperor would with distinguished honours recompense, and hence arose his chief motive for action. This wretch, with whom *Cæsar* was the only deity, who could contemptuously sneer at the priest, even when with the sacred censor in his hand, performing piacular rites, now trembling, crouches before the insulted gods! From an impious profligate, he becomes an infatuated zealot, not less to be condemned in his devotion than his impiety, who could thus think that extorted or pretended worship had any merit in the sight of heaven!

The altars blaze, amidst a blind throng
 drawn thither by superstitious solemnity.
 The

The sanctimonious priest, with mysterious countenance, pries into the entrails of the reeking victims; and with briny eye surveys the expanse above, by the flight of birds seeking to predict the issue of the approaching action; but ill-suited the night with augury: the priest, as if on some deep mystery intent, threw his eyes around, but no omen did the darkened air afford.

The general could not conceal his anxiety, till *Aruns*, the officiating priest, thus, with sacerdotal hypocrisy, addressed him.

“ The gods favour thee, noble *Varus* ;
 “ though my dim sight has denied me plain
 “ aerial presages, yet I dare pronounce thee
 “ victorious: every omen is propitious.
 “ Not one of the victims strove to avoid
 “ the impending axe, but all quietly sub-
 “ mitted to the stroke; the hearts of them
 “ all too were sound, and had that bright
 “ redness, which is always the sure omen
 “ of good success, and by what I could dis-

“ cern, methought also some birds flew fa-
 “ vourably. Away then, illustrious Sir, with
 “ those troublesome anxieties ; to-morrow
 “ shall the savage *Germans* fall before thy
 “ victorious sword, or for ever exploded
 “ be our knowledge of the entrails of beasts
 “ and of augury ; let divination of every
 “ kind be abolished, and every prediction
 “ of futurity, the gift of *Jupiter* to per-
 “ plexed mortals, be annihilated. Fight,
 “ I say, and thou shalt prevail : at mid-
 “ night, when sound sleep relieved my la-
 “ bouring mind, I saw, for oft to me have
 “ the immortal gods revealed their purpo-
 “ ses, I saw heaven’s gracious decrees con-
 “ cerning the *Roman* people. I saw *Cæ-*
 “ *sar* reclined on a radiant cloud, amidst
 “ his kindred deities, and I standing trans-
 “ ported at the glorious sight, he pointed
 “ to thee with a smile of applause, as the
 “ leader by whom laurels should still grace
 “ the *Roman* arms. I saw thee with grace-

“ ful dignity ascend the seat of judgement,
 “ having before thee *Siegmar* and *Aminius*
 “ in chains, the heads of this atrocious
 “ revolt; the sentence passed by thee on
 “ them spoke thee *Cæsar’s* meet repre-
 “ sentative; and I further saw the axe de-
 “ liver *Rome* from any future attempts of
 “ those savages, by whom thy gracious of-
 “ fers of commerce and liberal improve-
 “ ment in the useful arts, to them utter-
 “ ly unknown, had been treated with such
 “ abrupt contempt. The axes and eagles
 “ which they had hung up in their exe-
 “ crable grove, thou to the gods with awe-
 “ ful pomp didst consecrate. I saw *Varus*
 “ place the worthy *Sigefthes* on a superb
 “ throne, and the princes of *Germany*, drawn
 “ by the fame of thy discernment and equi-
 “ ty, refer their disputes to thy decision.
 “ Often, illustrious chief, do the gods in-
 “ timiate their will in dreams, and oft by
 “ a vision

“ a vision have they dispersed a settled de-
 “ spondency: Had the first brave *Cæsar*
 “ not slighted a dream, fell *Brutus* had mis-
 “ carried in his horrid parricide; and was it
 “ not the appearance of a spectre, more
 “ than *Philippi*’s fatal field, that instigated
 “ the same *Brutus* to suicide, thus with
 “ his own hands punishing his guilt? Did
 “ not *Augustus* himself owe a victory to
 “ an apparition?”

These gross adulations sufficed to allay
 the weak prætor’s anxiety; he was pleased
 with the augur’s words, and even gave
 credit to them; but his transient credit
 soon vanished, and anxiety regained her
 ascendent again. His heart however beats
 more composed, his blood circulates with
 due heat, his knitted brow becomes smoothed,
 and his serenèd mind, indulgent to his fa-
 tigued body, now invites *Morpheus* to shed
 refreshing slumbers on his closed lids.

As

As the merchant, after many a rich cargo lost, dwells on melancholy ideas, future calamities, family distresses, and indigent old-age; and quite overwhelmed with imaginary grief, bedews his restless bed with his tears; but if chance any light cheers up the darkness of his room, the gloomy ideas disperse, while a placid joy flows in on his revived soul: so sweet and placid was the sleep which now succeeded to *Varus's* allayed solitudes, whilst the *German* chief, in wakeful anxiety, impatiently waited the decisive day. The day appears, and the rising sun gilding the mountain's brow, now sees the martial *Germans* panting for the attack, and the active leaders forming them in battalia, *Varus*, from his genial couch arising, blushes with confusion on perceiving the day so far advanced: He feebly mounts his horse, and with inauspicious mien, draws his sword. A timorous silence pervades the

VOL. II. L whole

whole army; ill suited its countenance to the boasted promises of the gods.

“ *Romans*,” cried he, (but how different from the bold *Tarpeius* his voice and air, for pale dejection betrayed the desponding chief) “ *Romans*,” cried he, “ what
 “ I now see, I would hope proceeds from
 “ a generous indignation, that those who
 “ never could stand the lightening of your
 “ eagles, are now marching up to you
 “ with insulting shouts. Are ye ashamed
 “ to be sensed from such a foe? If this
 “ be the case, be rather ashamed of your
 “ late infamous flight, that *Romans* turned
 “ their backs to a savage multitude. Gods!
 “ Is it come to this! that even in a fortified camp, we who are the lords of
 “ the world can now scarce make a stand!
 “ That skill is to supply the place of courage against a people, in manners mere
 “ beasts, and as ignorant of war as of the
 “ arts

“ arts of civilization ; that we who have
 “ carried our dreaded arms through every
 “ land, now scarce think ourselves safe with-
 “ in a mound and ditch, and wield the lance
 “ and sword only for defence, no longer as-
 “ sailing, and with rapid impresson bearing
 “ down the astonished foe.

“ No ! *Romans* ! those times of glory
 “ are now no more ! No longer do we
 “ fight for victory, no longer thirst for ac-
 “ tion, as big with honour. Our measures
 “ are no longer in our own option ; we
 “ cannot now either advance or retreat,
 “ or direct our march as we please : no,
 “ *Romans*, fight we here must ; for our
 “ very life must we here fight, for our
 “ gods, for our ensigns, for *Rome* : Yet
 “ I see no glow of ardour in your
 “ looks. Legions ! What will *Cæsar*
 “ say of us ! what *Rome*, what *Britain*,
 “ what *Parthia* and *Libya* ! Legions, I say,
 L 2 “ we

“ we must here either perish, or bravely
 “ fighting, defeat the enemy.

“ Have ye so soon forgot the wonders
 “ performed on the *Rhine*, the victories
 “ achieved on the banks of the *Tagus*, our
 “ successes along the borders of the *Euphra-*
 “ *tes*? Who taught *Juba* * to dread the
 “ eagles? Nor parching sun nor sandy
 “ waste could stop our glorious career.
 “ Have we not corps of *Afric*’s sons? these
 “ were witnesses of our base disgrace;
 “ these see our present scandalous back-
 “ wardness; and do not your bosoms glow
 “ with shame? How will the *Moor* in-
 “ sult those he dreaded? How will the
 “ *Parthian* exult, spear in hand, and urge
 “ his rapid steed against your bands?

* *Juba*, king of *Numidia*, sided with *Pompey* against *Cæsar*, by whom he was subdued; and after an entertainment with *Petreibus* a *Roman* general, they killed one another.

“ against

“ against such a foe no need to have re-
 “ course to his usual artifice of pretended
 “ flight! With what invectives will our
 “ mother *Rome* ring against those who but
 “ late boasted to their mistresses of bringing
 “ home *German* spoils! How will the trai-
 “ tor *Arminius* triumph in your reproach!
 “ *Arminius*, *Rome*’s perfidious nurseling!
 “ who, if he has any thing valuable in
 “ him, owes it to her instruction; and
 “ who, a thousand times, has bent his
 “ flattering knee to *Cæsar*. Yet many ho-
 “ nest *Romans* never liked him; yet this
 “ is the ungrateful viper with whom we
 “ are now to engage, though brought up
 “ along with us at *Rome*. Will ye, who are
 “ real *Romans*, bear his taunts? Yonder,
 “ behold him forming dispositions for the
 “ march; see how he swells at the view
 “ of a naked army! Oh, that the old *Ro-*
 “ *man* spirit would now display itself in
 “ you. It is not, I will hope, yet quite
 “ dead,

“ dead, nor the glorious flame wholly ex-
 “ tinguished. None of the skin-clad *Ger-*
 “ *mans* ought to survive this action; *Ar-*
 “ *minius* alone we would reserve in chains
 “ to grace our triumph. *Varus*, confi-
 “ dent in your valour, would crown it
 “ with success, and on your return head
 “ your triumphant march to the capitol,
 “ amidst the applauses of citizens congra-
 “ tulating your safety. Such honours await
 “ your valour. Now then, my *Romans*,
 “ wipe off all former stains, and show
 “ yourselves men; from the rampire pour
 “ down wounds and death on the barba-
 “ rians. By the trench and rampire, well-
 “ maintained, have the *Cimbrians*, a num-
 “ berless swarm, been already overthrown;
 “ though hardy and intrepid in fight, and
 “ flushed with success in their northern
 “ wars, yet fell they before *Roman* dis-
 “ cipline. *Varus* is determined either on
 “ death or victory, this sword, the in-
 “ strument

“strument for both. Legions, gain me the
 “victory; or over me the savages shall
 “boast no triumph: your chief will not
 “survive the loss.”

He ended; but the usual acclamations followed not his words: the army still continued in depressive silence. “*Marcus*,” said the troubled chief, “what infatuation
 “has seized the troops? If regardless of
 “glory, at least let them consider the in-
 “famy, the loss. My brave friend, how
 “have I strove to shut out from my mis-
 “giving mind this cowardly silence? these
 “pale faces loudly speak, that *Romans* are
 “not what they were; cursed be my blind
 “ambition that solicited the command.”

“Leader,” replied *Marcus*, with a spirited look, “snatch an eagle from their
 “unworthy hands, I will do the same,
 “and contemptuously frowning on the
 “gazing soldiery, we will fix them on the
 L 4 “mound,

" mound, as signals of defiance to the foe.
 " Such expedients have often done won-
 " ders, rousing a heartless army to feats
 " of desperate valour." His advice is ap-
 proved: *Varus* snatches an eagle from
 the confused ensign, and *Marcus* makes
 good his promise. At this a clatter re-
 sounds through the host, and shame puts
 them all into motion; all press forward,
 following their exasperated chief, who haf-
 tens his dispositions. "*Marcus*," said he,
 " do thou advance eastward for the de-
 " fense of the front; to the north shall be
 " my post, where I hope to meet the false
 " *Arminius*. The south side I commit to
 " trusty *Quintus*, and the west, my re-
 " spected father *Asprenas* * will secure.
 " Let the archers and slingers line the

* He assembled the remainder of the *Roman*
 forces, and kept the other *German* tribes in
 subjection. *Barre*, vol. ii. p. 131.

" rampire,

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“ rampire, and *Vala* * with the horse de-
“ fend this gate.

“ *Quintus*,” continued he, “ thy wing
“ is covered by yon morafs; remove to
“ *Vala*, and there remain unseen. If our
“ archers and flingers throw the enemy
“ into confufion, that they give over at-
“ tempting a fcalade, and make a disorder-
“ ly retreat, avail thyfelf of the opportu-
“ nity, throw open the gate, and pour out
“ thy men upon them: fhould things go
“ otherwife, and the enemy prefs thee,
“ fhelter thyfelf under the rampire; with-
“ out this, thou art to keep thy ftation.”

Thus rode he along the lines, in boldeft
words animating his troops; but his coun-

* *Vala Numanius*, endeavouring to fave the
horse by flight, was attacked by the way
and cut to pieces. *Mafcovius*, lib. iii. part 1.
p. 78.

tenance

tenance betrayed the haughty affectation, and in the soldier's mind prevented the effect of his vehement harangue. On seeing any marks of fear in an ensign, such as paleness or shivering, with rebukeful raillery he would call out, "Have a care, or your eagle will fly from its perch." To those whom he saw alert, smiling he would say, "Remember the gods and *Rome*." To those of known ambition and self-conceit, "Let the camp, this day, owe its deliverance to your courage." Never had a *Roman* army seen their leader thus superbly parade through the ranks; his courser also moved as if sensible of its dignity. But happy superstition wrought that which the commander failed in. A large eagle being observed to hover over him, was hailed as a propitious omen, and revived the soldiery, who amidst all *Varus's* ostentation perceived a timidity;

timidity; or being timid themselves, at least imagined so.

In the mean time *Arminius* visits the several corps, and orders the disposition of the attack; for at his presence their innate bravery receives fresh fire, and this fire among the *Germans* was an omen of victory; for they consulted neither the flight of birds nor victims.

“*Siegmund* and *Thufnelde*,” said he,
 “your troops I intend as a body of re-
 “serve; to recommend activity to you
 “would be injurious: should the action
 “continue for any time dubious, it is your
 “cavalry, *Siegmund*, that must turn the
 “scale of victory to our side. In that
 “valley be your post.” To this the
 heroine, fighting, objected: “Was it
 “for this,” said she, “*Thufnelde* gave
 “herself to thee? Is it a mark of love
 “to

“ to place me now at a distance from thee,
 “ to deny me the honour of accompanying
 “ thee in the road to glory? No; at thy
 “ side will I fight, at thy side die or con-
 “ quer!” Tears of joy bedewed the ten-
 der hero’s cheeks; and amidst the tumults
 of war he embraced her, applauding her
 magnanimous request.

O *Germany*, where is now such fidelity,
 where such love! To thee, *Arminius*, were
 those endearments due, and no less also to
 thee transcendent maid, who thus, ardent for
 thy country’s weal, didst wield the spear,
 and brave the dangers of the field. But if
 ever virtue merited esteem, why now with-
 holds the vitiated heart that just approba-
 tion? Was it then glorious to appear in
 arms against our country’s foes? Why is
 the sword sunk into contempt? Why is
 the profession of arms become the mark for
 reproof and obloquy?

And

And now the martial fire, which with
 generous joy *Arminius* saw kindling in his
 bands, he fans with spirited aspect, thus
 bespeaking them : “ Fellow-foldiers, yon-
 “ der see the destroyers of our country !
 “ It is not for me ye fight ; yourselves,
 “ your wives, and your children now lie
 “ at stake ; their fate depends on your
 “ weapons ; this day makes us either
 “ free or slaves for ever. My beloved
 “ *Germans*, break the mound, and fill the
 “ wide trench with its own ruins : retort
 “ the *Roman* injuries on their heads ;
 “ your sacred places violated, your dwell-
 “ ings burnt, your aged parents murdered,
 “ call for severe revenge. Oh, *Theut* and
 “ *Mannus*, your worship falls with us !
 “ By *Romans* subdued, no more will en-
 “ raptured bards, with hallowed strains,
 “ surround your altars. Prosper our en-
 “ terprize, inspire us with that valour which
 “ has raised heroes to the celestial banquets !

“ But see the dastards shun us ; they with-
 “ draw within their rampire. In the last
 “ action the night befriended them, but
 “ now day-light delivers them into our
 “ hands. Come on ; now for a shout,
 “ and a clang of arms which may cause
 “ every *Roman* heart to shudder.—Come
 “ on ; let each man raise his climbing com-
 “ rade on his shoulders ; come on, and
 “ follow your leader ; the danger which I
 “ bid you face, will I share myself.”

As in a serene sky, while all nature re-
 joices in the lucid calm, a cloud big with
 sable tempests gathering, lowers ; and
 straight from the conflicting elements bursts
 the thunder with redoubled peals, and the
 forked flashes sweep through the dusky ex-
 panse : birds and beasts affrighted, haste to
 their retreats, and both the village and
 city tremble at the mingled horror of the
 sulphureous flash, the deluging rain and
 the

the destructive blast : so in circling eddies wheels the dust along the tumultuous air, raised by their furious march ; through the cloud glitters the spear and helmet ; an universal din is every where heard. *Arminius*, and of him what less could be conceived ! hastens to the thickest of the throng. The assault begins ; with trees, large stones, and earth, the vigorous *Germans* endeavour to fill the trench. Against them the menacing *Romans* discharge a shower of stones and arrows ; and no sooner is a scaling ladder fixed, than a vast trunk of a tree, driven by the force of many men, breaks it, and crushes the bold warrior in his attempt. Terrible they now close in fierce assault, while heaven and earth resounds with the united clang of arms, animating shouts, and plaintive cries. Impatient, *Rastolf* attempts an impression on one side ; thither to oppose him hastens *Asprenas* : yet the slaughtering slingers only whet his rash

courage, and furious he throws himself into the trench. The *Catti* (generous nation, be your dauntless fidelity ever remembered, as a model to others) emulously follow; all other parts of the engagement now seemed suspended to what passed here: in heaps the intrepid *Catti* fell to save their precipitate chief, and made at the same time dire havock among the *Roman* auxiliaries, brought from the borders of the torrid zone. The *German* stature, and broad sword fiercely wielded, struck them with dismay, till driven on by *Rome's* bolder sons. Foaming with impatient rage, *Rastolf* seizes the trunk of a tree, and prepares a solid machine for mounting the rampart; but incessant stones, and logs, and spears, frustrated the bold attempt. And now all around the execrable camp, the trench is strewed with *German* bodies weltering in their blood, affecting spectacle; and which, the *Romans* being still alert in the defense,

abated

abated the impetuous ardour of the first attack. Oh, shame! at such a juncture, many tribes fought faintly, and even in those heroick times, some gave ground, while they saw the hero serenely facing javelins and stones. Yet his example animated not their cold breasts, though their cowardice inflamed his. As an effort of despair, grieved at such unexpected timidity, he determines alone to climb the rampart; amidst stones and spears on he advances, the faithful *Thusnelde* closely following by his side, their shields all their shelter. *Varus* observing this assault relaxed, rides up, and with taunting words began to insult the retreating bands, improvident insolence! a spear launched from the hand of the beautiful heroine, wounds him in the side: still, however, he conceals his pain, redoubling his vociferations and menacing gestures. Alas! that huge stone! Heaven preserve the heroick couple! the shattered ladder falls!

The *Cherusci* rage at their leader's danger, but unhurt he rises, more ardent for the assault. His serenity now swells to indignation; he heads the renewed storm, as if by superiour valour he would force success. *Rastolf* too rages on the rampart; his *Catti* second his rage, and all again flames around: those who escape his sword his active feet precipitate into the ditch. Thus braved he the eagles, when a forceful blow brake that weapon, which on so many had bestowed the honour of a patriotick death, bleeding for *Rome's* honour; with the hilt, the enraged hero gave a daring *Roman* his last wound, and then at one bound, defenseless, escapes the assailing foes; reaching the other side of the trench. There he snatches up a sword, for too many now lay in the motionless hands of their slain owners, and wildly gazes around for another scene of action. As the wounded panther, when by hunters surrounded, springs raging from a high rock, so the hero, whom

no

no misfortune could depress; leaped and strove again to force the camp, breathing revenge for the loss of his sword, a weapon well-fitted to so vigorous a warrior.

Quintus, with a sneer, observed his headlong temerity, and insidiously gave orders to open the gate, as threatening a sally; for well knew he that this would spirit up *Rastolf* to a more presumptuous phrensy, though therein he scarce showed himself circumspect. The Chief, impetuous, leads on his *Catti*, too rash to perceive the military stratagem. *Quintus* retreats; *Rastolf*, with looks fiercely triumphant, closely presses on, and falls into the snare.

“Here, savage *German*,” exclaimed the questor, “shalt thou die;” and lo the gate instantly shuts on the *Catti*, who now too late perceived their chief’s fatal temerity. What rage inflamed them, to know that their leader was in the enemy’s hands!

All words are below the efforts of their force and valour to make a breach in the mound, or lay open the gate ; but no brazen tubes, no rams, no petards had they to force their way : their whole resource natural vigour, rarely prevalent against art. In the mean while *Rastolf*, terrible as *Woden*, deals about his blows, and at his feet lays many a *Roman* breathless, emulous of taking him prisoner, till at last, an inglorious sabre cleaving the hinder part of his head-piece (for no polished helmet wore he) his reeking blood streamed on the ground. *Rastolf*, undismayed, encourages his *Catti* with a shout ; the fight continues with all the horror of obstinate conflict ; the ground is strewed with slain ; revenge inflames the courage of the living ; each one fights, as if on himself alone depended the victory. Here, by the *Chaucian* leader was the fierce *Rastolf* delivered : excellent Prince ! in him were united the hoary head and
vigorous

vigorous limb; the foresight of age, with the ardour of youth: in military skill to *Arminius* alone inferiour; for probity, patriotism, and benevolence revered. Oft the sea overwhelmed wide tracts of his domain, involving cattle, dwellings, corn, and men in the impetuous havock; for in those rude times, to check the sea by dams, was an art unknown.

Into the camp the dauntless *Chaucian* forces his way; the *Cantabrians* and *Numidians* give ground before their furious valour. But too soon elate; the plunder of the camp fires their greedy souls: infatuated by avarice they disperse, and begin their lawless rapacity; when, lo! *Varus* enraged, advances, and with close compacted forces, surrounds them! Happy now they who gained the gate; the rest the *Roman* sword devoured! Chiefs and common men alike fly the unequal combat.

As when a thaw succeeds to a rigorous frost, the icy river heaves, and with continuous roar bursting, huge fragments drive and moving in collected bulk, threaten the bridge, however fortified with arched stone. The adventurous bargeman, amidst the floating islands, meets a dreadful fate; till at length the impressive weight, by the rapid stream impelled, bears down all opposition, and the affrighted city sees its ruined bridge tumble with resounding crash into the foaming waters: so the legions, with a spirit not inferior to that of those who under the famed *Fabii*, the *Camilli*, or *Scipios* fought, now pressed on the *Chauci*, no longer dismayed by their hairy garb or grim countenance. *Arminius*, fearful of the event, strives to rally his disordered troops; the beautiful *Thusnelde*, in this exigency, forsakes not his side, assisting his generous efforts to the last. “Soldier! Soldier!” cried the fair warrior, “face about; see
“ here

“ here the enemy.” Many who were flying she seized, and forced to make a stand. Stung with the reproach of female rebuke, they turn upon the foe, and again rush amidst their threatening swords and spears, now by a frantick intrepidity, expiating their unmanly cowardice.

Thy exploits, daring *Quintus*, a hostile muse, but sensible to worth, would fain commemorate; thy valour, which redoubled at the prospect of victory. By thy example fired, and by thee led on, the *Roman* cavalry broke the *German* foot, a wall of brass, men of enormous size. On a signal from *Arminius*, *Siegmund* hastens to him through a shower of javelins, his gorgeous figure attracting observation. The two heroes, their native intrepidity now further stimulated by shame and honour, perform great exploits, and with emulous hazard of their lives drive back the insulting victors,

retrieving the fortune of the day. Here *Quintus*, after feats well-becoming a *Roman* leader, is borne away by the rapid torrent. In the tumult, the heroine's horse stumbling over the corpses, tripped and threw the beautiful rider off her guard. Quick as lightening, *Quintus* discharges a blow at her, with this insulting taunt, "Frantick creature," said he, "hence now, and learn to spin;"—but her polished shield received the blunted weapon. What indignation, however, swelled her snowy bosom! Fired at the reproach, with manly vigour, she levels a blow at *Quintus's* head, crying out, "Insolent wretch, thus strikes the frantick creature, a *German* female. Perish amidst thy presumption, and rejoice that by no vulgar hand thou fallest. Go tell, in the pale regions of death, that *Thufnelde* sent thee thither, rejoicing to revenge thy country's seductive practices on her own father." Furi-
ous

ous fell the stroke, but lost on his helmet's steel; with a contemptuous smile he turned round, urging his steed through shouting crowds, nor swords, nor clubs, nor javelins stop his course. *Thusnelde*, full of ire, longs to follow him; when *Arminius* smiling, (how different the smile from that by which *Quintus* so roused her nice sense of honour, a smile of affection and applause) called out, "Let them fly; bridges should be built for a flying enemy." *Thusnelde* obeyed.

Now to the hero advances *Treumund*, of approved conduct and valour. "Illustrious Prince," said he, "thou seest how impracticable the attempt to storm the camp, and the number of brave men lost in fruitless assaults. Might I advise, I would propose a retreat; it is only in the open field that we can hope to vanquish the enemy. Behold, they bid us defiance
" from

“ from their mounds ; and with good rea-
 “ son, for never shall we carry them ;
 “ whereas, in open battle, the *Romans*
 “ will not be able to withstand us. Let
 “ us draw off, then, O leader, and with
 “ some precipitation ; the prætor, elated
 “ at our hasty retreat, will think us half-
 “ conquered, and to-morrow march out
 “ of his camp as in pursuit of us, to
 “ complete his glory.” *Arminius* com-
 mended the prudent advice, and gave *Treu-*
mund all the honour of so salutary a mea-
 sure. It was his opinion, that leaders
 ought not to shut their ears against the coun-
 cils of their inferiours, and that a reason-
 able retreat may often lead to a happier is-
 sue than rash perseverance in battle. But
 glory ever attends the true hero ; his emi-
 nent talents shine alike at all junctures, in
 a defeat as well as in a victory. Besides,
 a lavish effusion of human blood is an of-
 fense to the eye of heaven, and may bring
 down his almighty vengeance.

Such

Such were the *German* chief's reflections on the advice now offered him ; and ordering a retreat, he said, " The strength
 " of the enemy's camp has been their safe-
 " guard to-day ; this success will prompt
 " them to follow us, so that, to-morrow,
 " in the open plain, we may promise our-
 " selves ample revenge : in the mean time,
 " therefore, let the army rest." The order meets with a ready compliance ; *Rastolf* alone received it with discontent, till the hopes of another approaching action soothed his sanguinary pride. " A curse," cried he, " on all retreats ; but to-morrow, since
 " a retreat must now take place, shall my
 " sword be the first that is unsheathed, and
 " by my hand shall the *Romans* bleed first."

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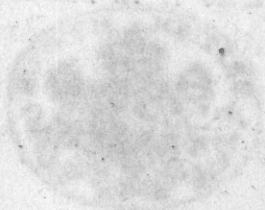
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ARMINIUS:

OR,

GERMANIA FREED.

BOOK XII.



ARGUMENT TO BOOK XII.

Siegmar appears to the hero in a dream, and exhorts him to revenge. Varus marches out of his camp. The order of Arminius his battle. Varus animates the Romans; Arminius does the same by the Germans. The engagement begins. Siegmund attacks the Romans in flank. The battle continues very obstinate. Both commanders meeting, Varus is unhorsed by a blow, and the Germans in the mean time gain the victory. Varus prepares himself to renew the combat; but seeing his army defeated, falls on his sword. The reception his soul meets with in the regions of the dead, and Cato's indignation at seeing him. Haubold alighting on the body, cuts off his head and carries it to Arminius, who sends Edmund with it to Marbod.



ARMI-

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O R,

GERMANIA FREED.

A MIDST the caprices of fickle Fortune, flattering deity! who oft beclouds the fairest calm with an overwhelming storm, and in the height of her most pleasing smiles suddenly averts her infatuating countenance; who, regardless of worth, sports with the downfall of heroes; Wisdom calls aloud, and examples innumerable confirm her words, to secure the heart so easily deceptible: as in a tempestuous sea the steerman never quits the helm,
2 and

and with intent look views the sails, the waves, and the sky, careful to guard against every danger.

Such thoughts employed the hero's confident mind, till his weary'd limbs requiring some interval of rest, he at last laid himself down to sleep, the verdant ground being his couch. The gorgeous train of shifting clouds, which had attended the setting sun, were now overcast with the evening's deepest shades, grateful reverse to exhausted toil! With their weapons in their hands, the *German* host takes its repose; a faint rustling only is heard, as on the fluttering ocean when swept by the western gales. Numbers, in convivial festivity, spend the few remaining hours; one prepares the repast, another brings forth luscious mead, while some sing amorous lays, and others boast of feats, and hairbreadth escapes, and look with impatience for

for the coming day. At its approach, the bards, whose sanctity gave weight to their words, go among the tribes, and by divine intercourse elated, in hymns exhort them to perform their duty, firing their souls with rapturous ideas of the glories reserved for those who fall in battle.

Arminius, by important cares and toils exhausted, enjoys a profound repose; during which, his father's reverend image presents itself to him. The hero, with pleasing amazement, cries out, "Is it a dream, " and the result of my frequent thoughts " when waking; for dear shall *Siegmar's* " remembrance ever be to my soul? or is " it the venerable hero himself that deigns " to visit me?" Here a torrent of tears oozes from his closed eyes, and eagerly he strives to embrace the fleeting shade. " Ah, " my father," said he, " my ever honoured " sire, wilt thou deny thy son the pleasure

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“ of one embrace, or may it not then be
 “ permitted?”

Siegmar, now changed into an airy form,
 smiled at the hero's dubious joy, and thus,
 with benign aspect, bespoke his raptured
 son. “ Thy father yet lives, though his
 “ body lies mouldering in the dust; in
 “ the regions of departed heroes flou-
 “ rishes, crowned with immortality, the
 “ ample reward of virtue; for never
 “ shall virtue know death! It is by
 “ virtue alone that an everlasting exist-
 “ ence is to be acquired; it is this that
 “ exalts weak man to a resemblance with
 “ the gods; it is this that rescues our
 “ names from inglorious oblivion, and in-
 “ creases the lustre of splendid actions; its
 “ worth best appears when contrasted with
 “ the turpitude, with the evil of vice.
 “ Oh, my son, keep to the path, which,
 “ when pointed out by me, thou madest
 “ thy

“ stately arches, ostentatious monuments,
“ on which the sculptured stone exhibits
“ nations overthrown and princes en-
“ chained: these the victorious *German*
“ shall destroy: the costly labours of years,
“ the works of superiour genius, the glo-
“ ries of the queen of cities, the raging
“ conqueror shall, within three days space,
“ reduce to a heap of ruins *: the hoary
“ head shall bleed, grasping the altar to
“ which it vainly flies, as to a sanctuary:
“ their youth shall be mowed down by the
“ pursuing soldiery; its sucklings weltering
“ in a second wound about the bleeding
“ mother, shall mingle their infant blood
“ with hers: even violated chastity itself

* Besides the sacking of *Rome* by the *Goths*,
Voltaire, in the additions to his *General History*,
tells us, that in 1527, the *German* troops lived
nine months at discretion in *Rome*, and that the
plunder amounted to above fifteen millions of
crowns.

“ shall

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“ shall bleed : Such their unbounded rage,
“ that to brutal lust shall they add mur-
“ ther, filling up the measure of horror.
“ Imperial *Rome*, the boasted mistress of
“ nations, shall fall ; a yoke is thrown on
“ her haughty neck. Rejoice ye nations !
“ your reproach is wiped away ! your
“ woes are amply avenged !

“ Of these laurels, *Arminius*, the seeds
“ are implanted in thee ; from thee shall
“ this course of victories derive its source.
“ Rise glorious ; the advancing sun, with
“ purest radiancy, brings on the ever me-
“ morable hour when arrogant *Varus* shall
“ fall, and to ambitious *Rome* the first
“ wound be given ! Behold, my worthy
“ offspring, the wounds I received from
“ the treacherous *Segeſthes*’s sword, and
“ basely were they given ; but the in-
“ jury his excellent daughter has reven-
“ ged ; with her own arm, the fair heroine

“ checked her insulting. father’s rage ;
 “ her virtue atones for his guilt : such
 “ a combat extinguished every vindictive
 “ thought : let no blood be shed on my ac-
 “ count. I see *Varus* weltering in his
 “ gore, shed by his own outrageous
 “ hand. ——— Awake, my son, already
 “ are *Varus*’s ensigns in motion.” So say-
 ing, the prophetick vision withdrew. *Ar-
 minius* trusting in the omen, alertly seized
 his weapon, and prepares for action.

Varus, in the mean time, flattered by the
 repulse of the assailing enemy, marches out
 of the camp as to certain victory. In his
 splendid armour, and countenance beaming
 insolent joy, he stood at the gate encour-
 aging his bands with boastful voice :
 “ My brave fellow-soldiers,” said he, this
 “ will be a day of great glory to us ; we
 “ shall now bring these savages to an end :
 “ if with limbs of trees only, and stones,
 “ we

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“ we forced them to a hasty retreat, what
“ havock shall not your steel make among
“ them? Never will they be able to abide it.”

Amidst the favourable dimness of the shades
he draws up his forces ; the foreign troops
form the wings ; in the centre he posts him-
self with the legions ; in the rear march
Libyans and *Moors*, inured to encounter
those fierce beasts which haunt *Africk's* arid
wastes. In this part also were *Arabs* and
Lycians, contiguous their countries, but
in manners different ; with them were
placed the swift-footed *Grecians*, and even
the *Gauls* who once sacked *Rome*, now
vanquished, serve under her late despised
eagles.

“ *Quintus*,” cried the leader, “ repair
“ with the *Africans* to the rear ; there re-
“ main till the cohorts, making an im-
“ pression on the enemy, shall break their
“ ranks ; then detaching thyself, endeavour

“ to flank them, with intimidating shouts
 “ falling on them full speed. Our valour
 “ to day must be assisted by stratagem.
 “ This day, *Romans*, shall crown all our
 “ toils, and in triumph will we return to
 “ acclaiming *Rome*.” Presumptuous man!
 deciding events from the illusory appearances of his short-sighted imagination!

On the left commanded *Marcus*; *Varus* led the right. In the second post, thou *Tarpeius* hadst shone, had not hapless fate already made thee a victim to determined ardour; here had thy impetuous valour carried havock among the foe, and dearly sold that important life. Yet not with confidence more elate did *Turnus* form his *Rutulians* *, not more fiercely did *Achilles*, the gods, the world, fortune, and chance defy †, than *Varus* now surveyed

* See the *Æneid*, lib. xii.

† See the *Iliad*, lib. i.

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his host, while eager the soldier whetted his blunted blade; the air resounds, as when in the fruitful field the reapers sharpen their sickles, and with vigorous sweeps lay low the ripened stalk *, mitigating their toil with shouts and rural festivity. *Varus* with pleasure observes their alacrity, while his eyes sparkling speak confident exultation; for to ambition, even carnage and desolation give delight.

The sun now reassuming his diurnal course, wide unveils the face of nature. Both hosts, with spirited shouts, hail his welcome beams, but superior those which issued from *German* lungs, whether of nature more sound, or by greater eagerness of battle emitted. *Rastolf* roars aloud; at his well-known voice the *Catti* instant form. *Arminius* extols their ardour, and

* In many parts abroad sithes are used in reaping.

prompt

prompt obedience to their leader's call. Before *Aurora* illumined the eastern sky, had he quitted his shield, his iron pillow, fired by *Thufnelde's* charms: high beat his heart, that the fair heroine now with him ascends the craggy mount of honour; he rejoices in his exalted station, which was further dignified by his virtues, and which thus rendered him worthy of *Thufnelde*, that she is a spectator of his achievements; all dangers he braves for *Germania's* freedom and her praise: Oh, the force of praise from the fair we love!—The like sentiments glow in *Thufnelde's* breast, and her fiery steed neighing, defies the foe, as sensible of the glory which awaited the princely *Amazon*.

Never, thought *Arminius*, does human nature appear in such lustre, never do nobler passions swell the heart, nor a more generous joy suffuse the hero's cheeks, than
when

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when the happy conqueror holds in his gracious hand the fate of nations, than when victory leads the van, when monarchies rise and fall at his command, and when rescued tribes hail him their deliverer. Such were the thoughts which employed the *German* chief, who now with triumphant mien, the result of deep meditation, puts himself at the head of his rejoicing bands; their cheerfulness dilates his bosom, his courage swells to pride, a noble pride, that by his arm *Germania* shall be freed, and the carcases of her oppressors strew the ground they had ravaged.

The eagles now appear in view. At the sight of them *Arminius*, with folded hands, thanks the bounteous gods, that at length he sees the accomplishment of his wish; a wish most generous! that the *Romans*, throwing off their usual timidity, had been tempted to quit their camp, and
risk

risk an action in the open field. Of the pompous prætorian seat he makes an insulting fire; that seat where infernal furies roar from venal throats, where iniquity feasts on the tears of innocence, where gold perverts judgement, and where even *Arminius* himself had often prolonged his processes, and fomented dissensions, amusing the Prætor with fictitious complaints against those very princes with whom he now was leagued in this glorious enterprise, which arriving at its crisis,

“ O, all-gracious heaven, cried he,
“ bring not on darkness till those rapaci-
“ ous invaders fall beneath our just re-
“ sentment: *Rastolf*, hasten with thy corps
“ to yonder valley, as it was much thinned
“ in yesterday’s action, reinforce them with
“ thy party. Thou, generous *Siegmund*,
“ take post under this hill; and should *Va-*
“ *rus* attempt to gain our flank, prevent
“ him;

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“ him; if it can be done, thou wilt do it : it
“ is in consideration of its vast importance,
“ that I commit it to thee. *Edmund*, do
“ thou, with the body-guard, post thyself
“ in the centre till our ranks be broken,
“ or the enemy gains some other advantage
“ over us; in either of these cases, order
“ thy men each to thrust a spear through
“ his shield, and let every band form in
“ a compact wedge* : thus shall we break
“ their formal array, the depth of their co-
“ horts is no fence against our pointed
“ battle.”

* Their infantry was divided into several bodies, of which the middle formed a triangle, by them called a wedge; with the point of which they always endeavoured to make an impression on the enemy, and throw them into disorder: accordingly, instances are not wanting of the *Germans* penetrating to the very centre of the *Roman* army, where they plundered the baggage, and brought off the eagles. *Barre*, vol. i. p. 15.

These orders being given, the whole army soon set itself in motion; the active general mingling in the ranks, and directing their several evolutions. *Treumund* applauds the disposition; *Rastolf* himself forms the *Catti*, and through the whole corps diffuses his martial ardour. As the sturdy oak, which has long withstood the edged axe, yields to the driven wedge; so the *Roman* bands, after all their boasted vigour in war, their hardiness and valour, shall split into scattered shivers at the impression of the *German* battle.

Both hosts now advance in close battalia, and eager for action. At the head of each shines its chief, by port and words inspiring confidence and a thirst of fame. *Varus* seeing the *German* wedge, said, not without some confusion, “ *Marcus*, who
“ would have thought of such a disposi-
“ tion

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“tion in barbarians? How regular their
“march! This, *Arminius*, is a method of
“thy invention.”

A smothered sigh escaped his breast;
under all his martial pomp, his heart fluttered with sentiments widely different from those his bold mien made show of. As an expert gladiator, despising his adversary, with haughty gesture brandishes his blade, and fiercely begins the assault; but what dismay seizes him, when by the other's skill he finds himself overmatched.

Varus now addresses the *Roman* bands, and from his expanded front, deceitful appearance! and his splendid attire, vested in the flowing purple robe, his words derived force. “My brave warriors,” said he, “on whom *Rome* at this instant relies for the extension of her dominions,
“and well have you answered her confidence;
7

“ dence ; see the insolence and temerity of
 “ those savages ; you beat them but yester-
 “ day, yet to-day they set you at defiance !
 “ It is not by rashness that victories are
 “ gained ; perhaps they rely on their enor-
 “ mous stature ; but it is not bulk, nor a
 “ grim countenance, that constitutes the
 “ hero. Do we not bear those weapons
 “ which are the dread of all nations ? those
 “ arms to which *Rome* owes her eminent
 “ conquests ? And what stand can rude
 “ and naked *Germans* make against them ?
 “ Charge them home ; once broke they
 “ never rally : neither in weapons nor in
 “ discipline are they a match for us. To
 “ value your own lives less than that of
 “ your enemy, is the sure way to overcome.
 “ Charge them home, chastise their pre-
 “ sumption, drive them again into their
 “ gloomy forests ; so shall the traitor *Ar-*
 “ *minius*’s rich country be our own. This
 “ very

“ very people shall yet bless us ; yet ve-
 “ nerate the *Roman* sword ; our customs,
 “ our manners, and our laws shall be
 “ adopted by the *Germans* without com-
 “ pulsion. This victory secured, *Roman*
 “ fashions will be made theirs ; a ready
 “ compliance attends on the prevailing
 “ sword. The distinguished happiness of
 “ a people, subjected to our sway, is an
 “ allurements to others ; and it is only un-
 “ der us that those arts and manners are to
 “ be acquired which support a state. Ig-
 “ norance and rudeness fly at the appear-
 “ ance of *Romans* ; by our instructions
 “ only are nations taught to attain their
 “ true greatness. Further, this victory,
 “ my brave fellow-soldiers, is of the greater
 “ importance, as it will put a final end to
 “ the war ; then shall our axes and eagles
 “ still glitter in their sacred groves ; how-
 “ ever, with wild howls, they deplore the
 “ violation. Charge them home, march-
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“ing up to them with firm steps, and in
“thickened ranks will you bear down their
“undisciplined rout; for, be assured, that
“to have beaten an enemy once, is a
“great step towards beating him a second
“time. As for that wedge, let it not
“discourage you; it is no more than a
“wretched device of barbarians. Have we
“not broke the renowned *Macedonian* pha-
“lanx; have we not demolished moving
“towers, and put to flight those hideous
“monsters called elephants, with their gar-
“risoned castles on their backs?”

Hasting then to the *Africans*, he inflames
their natural thirst of blood with mock-
praises; how bravely they behaved in yester-
day's action, not surpassed even by the *Ro-*
mans. “Your complexion and fierce look,”
said he, “will also frighten the *Germans*.”
Grimly they smiled complacence to his
orders, and horrid rage now distorted their
wild features. The countenance of the

several corps fill his breast with confident hopes of *Cæsar's* highest favours.

Arminius, ever intent on preserving the dignity of his character, never suffered his keen looks to flash with pride; his aspect, as well as his deportment, being ever serene. From his left filed off *Treumund*, to occupy the post assigned him; and even the fierce *Rastolf* now begins to admire the penetration and foresight of the chief. No advantage, however small, escapes the sagacious hero's eye, and with equal celerity he seizes it, glad to forward victory; for oft, by a timely attention to some minute circumstance in the beginning, is the scale of battle turned.

"My brothers," said *Arminius*, "I congratulate you on the enemy's rashness; at length here's scope for our long restrained vengeance, restrained only by

“ insuperable works, trenches and mounds.
“ Oh, joyful day ! Behold, the rapacious
“ oppressours shew themselves in open
“ view ; no fortified camp now shields
“ them from our just rage. See there are
“ they who came like avaricious tax-
“ gatherers to drain you, they who took
“ away your cattle, the sole wealth of *Ger-*
“ *man* poverty, they who forced your
“ princes to saddle you with imposts, that
“ the produce might become theirs. In-
“ deed, brothers, little honour can redound
“ to us from the victory ! Thrice have
“ they invaded us, and thrice have ye
“ drove them back : this day’s work must
“ be totally to exterminate them ! How
“ fine their armour ! How gorgeous their
“ apparel ! But what avail ornaments
“ against courage ! *Marsians*, behold, these
“ are they who threaten you with bondage.
“ See their golden armour glittering ; does
“ it not mightily terrify you ? How the
“ daunt-

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“ dauntless *Chauci* laugh ! Laugh, ye noble
“ warriors, and with your broad swords
“ humble the tyrants of the earth. Fight,
“ kill, pursue, while any strength is left
“ ye to handle a weapon, and as long
“ as your horses, drenched in blood and
“ foam, can carry you ! Ye *Frisii* and
“ *Saxons*, maintain the ancient fame of your
“ martial tribes. Follow them, my faith-
“ ful *Cherusci*, and ye *Catti*, only show your-
“ selves worthy of such a leader. Though
“ to drive an enemy, enervated by luxu-
“ ry, be no arduous exploit, yet shall their
“ blazing camp proclaim our victory.
“ *Rastolf*, observe that eagle which shines
“ so pompously, set it up after the battle
“ in the sacred grove ! To him that brings
“ me *Varus*’s head shall our bards compose
“ their songs ; his name shall be repeated
“ at the warrior’s banquet. But oh, *Sieg-*
“ *mar*, oh, venerable father, oh, that thou
“ couldst be present this day to see thy son

“ observant of thy commands; to see the
 “ effects of thy virtues and counsels; the
 “ *Germans* with joy rushing to battle, and
 “ to the freedom of their country sacri-
 “ ficing her oppressive invaders.”

Thus spoke the prudent *Arminius*, and
 the whole rejoicing army replied with
 shouts and the clang of arms. The firey, too
 eager in their motions, he restrains, with
 a single word checking the confusion; but
 still fomenting the ardour of the brave with
 smiles and blandishments. The warriors
 of all ranks, as well friend as foe, flame
 with hopes of victory, and determined va-
 lour, while the air rings with shouts of de-
 fiance; all nature trembles around. And
 now the missile weapons, with equal fury
 launched, hiss along, darkening the air.
 War clothes itself in its most bloody hor-
 rours. Groans on all parts arise; and
 friendship kindles valour into rage: the
 sword,

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sword, the club, the sling, the javelin, the dart, spread wide the carnage.

Had nature endowed me with a celestial voice, yet would my lays but faintly represent the groupe of deities now all fervid in destruction; there venomous *Discord* feeds the flame; here *Bellona* rages, to her remits the fight: *Morbona* herself, from the *Tartarean* abyss shot forth, mingles in the fray with all her terrours; *Morbona*, at whose appearance hardy *Germania* trembles. From their retreats at her call fall from mountains and deserts the fierce inhabitants; south and north she inflames, and the polar circles are summoned by her to battle. Here also *Mars* bends his bow, and inflames the contest; while *Phæbus*, moved at the depravation of man, naturally worthy of the gods, admiring surveys the excellence of creation, and then turns aside his commiserating countenance, shocked at such a

scene of slaughter ; and instead of his chearing beams, sends down on the sounding earth impetuous rain mingled with ice *. The *Romans*, born in softer climes, are soon benumbed by the humid cold ; the *African* and *Asiatick* shivers, while the hardy *Germans* retain all their activity, and rejoice at the favourable storm.

The action spreads ; warriors, born in distant climes, here meet to fall by each other's hand : *Thusnelde*, burning for glory, and resolved to seize an eagle, rushes amidst

* Here heaven itself seemed to give him (*Varus*) into the hands of his enemies ; for a heavy rain coming on, made the ground so slippery and soft, that the *Romans* could hardly keep upon their feet, much less advance, and at the same time a violent wind rendered their spears and arrows of little use. *Masconius*, vol. i. lib. 3. p. 78. § 26.

javelins

javelins and swords, while from her fair hand, for gentler uses formed, she deals around fatal strokes, at once the paragon of beauty, and the minister of death. The hero enraptured, beholds his bride surpassing himself in ardour, though from his active arm many a *Roman* receives his last wound. *Varus*, in whose soul the doubtful battle now raised a tempest of ire, shame, and honour, collecting in his swollen breast his last effort of courage, thus thunders through his legions. "My brave *Romans*," cried he, "remember *Cæsar*! Remember *Rome*, and the universe! Its eyes are on you; follow me." He spoke, and with dauntless fury charging, broke the compact ranks, and checks even *Rastolf's* wild career. Here feats of renown were performed; *Germans* and *Romans* weltering in mingled blood: these, glory and their golden eagles stimulate; those freedom, the best of motives,

urges

urges to death or victory. Every private soldier thinks his country's fate depends on his own arm, and that in the foe who falls by his hand, falls the most formidable of its enemies.

In the mean time, whilst from the centre in streams was blended the blood of various nations, to each other unknown, each commander straining every nerve to secure the doubtful victory, and each prevailing where he leads, *Quintus*, with rapid march, brings up the *Mauritanian* bands, eager to put an end to the obstinate conflict; but these *Siegmund* had watched with careful eye, and flanking them in close fight, soon breaks their loose array, and strews the ground with their swarthy carcases. Their envenomed weapons, in the confusion, annoying themselves, many of them die by slight wounds: their ruthless aspect added to the apparent horrors of war. They shrink before the
golden

golden locked *Germans*, though not without a resistance becoming their appearance and their brave leader's example. While martial worth holds a due esteem, *Siegmund's* exploits among the *Africans*, on this decisive day, shall be sung by the tented field, and inspire the like ardour against *Germania's* foes.

Rastolf had now gained the eminence where the *Catti* hewed their way through *Marcus's* opposing bands, and their leader also the fierce *German* wounds. At this the *Roman*, throwing away his shield, grasps the eagle's staff, more concerned for that than his life. Furious and breathing slaughter they close; the firm cohorts maintain their ground; promiscuously with *Romans* *Germans* fall, and in numbers the difference not great. *Marcus*, brandishing the eagle, is seen in the thickest tumult: "*Romans*," cries he, "never shall ye see *Marcus* fly;
" only

“ only show yourselves *Romans*.” While, with impassioned looks, he thus animates his men, an enormous wound stopped his speech, and through the wide aperture gushed the vital gore. The generous *Scæva*, grateful for favours received, in the midst of danger hastens to support him; but a blow from *Rastolf*’s sword severs his hand from the wrist. Shivering it lies on the ground, and before he could perceive the loss, by a second stroke from the same vigorous arm, his head is cleft, and he falls upon his beloved patron.

Tidings of these things are carryed to the Prætor, who flies enraged to revenge his brave quæstor; *Thusnelde* observing him, increased his rage, his pride being inflamed at an attack from a female hand. *Aruns* perceiving the heroine engaged, forsook his consecrated trumpery, and affecting a glory foreign to his station, arms and throws himself

himself into the hottest fray. But oh, disgrace ! the ambitious priest dies by a female hand. The steel with which he had slain so many useful cattle and bleating sheep now pierces his own ruthless breast, and in his bosom he feels the victims pangs; while, like theirs, his blood the porous earth imbibes; the earth his peaceful sepulchre had he died as a priest; but now him, who boasted an intercourse with the gods, who vaunted himself for the depository of heaven's secrets, him shall the ravenous fowls consume. His obsequies no weeping relations, no hired mourners shall now see performed, fallen by *Thufnelde's* slaughtering hand. *Mutius* also retreating, receives his doom; fitter he in peaceful recesses to strike the amorous lyre, or the social bowl to circulate, than wield destructive weapons in the tumultuous field !

Quintus now fearing for *Varus* and the ensigns, hastens to his assistance; he comes

I

a victim

a victim worthy of *Arminius's* sword; and with firm accent thus accosts him. "*Ar-*
 "*minius*, it is thou alone canst wrest the
 "victory from my hands, but not while
 "life informs this frame; nor will even
 "death from thy weapon stain those lau-
 "rels which I have elsewhere acquired."

This magnanimity affected the hero's heart; victory at first hung dubious over the fierce combat, and both fought as those should fight on whose prowess depends freedom and military fame. Oft echoed their well-tempered shields with their swords, oft resounded their armour with the vigorous blows, till a wound in the breast unhorsed *Quintus*, and falling, he expires; as a hero he expired, both in looks and graceful attitude: pityed by *Arminius* he fell, though not without a secret pleasure that his most redoubted foe was now no more; he who himself almost withheld a victory of such importance to *Germany*. *Varus* perceives
 his

his loss, and as a worthy victim to his noble
 manes, aims a fatal stroke at *Thufnelde*.

Varus, forbear! too hasty is thy inglorious shout! Behold, impending revenge at hand! Tremble, oppressive *Prætor*! See the blaze of *Arminius*'s vindictive blade; from his arm, from the vengeance due to his beloved fair, no eagle will be able to shield thee. The *Roman* chief shelters himself among his broken bands, while rapid as the fleshed falcon, *Arminius* darts towards his prey: both hosts suspend their rage, and stand aghast at the important combat. *Varus* faces his foe, their arms clatter, their shields resound; stroke follows stroke with incessant gleam: the one *Rome* and *Cæsar* animate to glorious efforts; the other sees in the *Prætor* the tyrant of his country. One fights for reward, the other is the champion of mankind; one has a gaudy triumph in view, the other remembers *Sieg-*
mar's

mar's death. Different their motives, yet actuated by equal fury, and summoning to their aid all the powers of strength and skill; but to neither can strength and skill turn the equal balance: strength faints, and the dimmed sight bewilders all skill.

At length Destiny pronounces her decree; the long suspended balance inclines to one side, the scene of war is to be finally closed by *Varus's* blood; he the destined victim to terminate the desolations of the innocent, and unnatural to be his fall; for by his own furious hand he falls! Even already, in his distracted mind, he feels the fatal decree; with ideal terrour he sees *Arminius's* gleaming blade pointed at his breast. Had the *German* hero observed the dismay which shook the agonizing *Roman* chief, now had *Varus* fallen, and not inglorious his fall, of base suicide guiltless. But while in frantick speech he roars, and wildly brandishes

brandishes his sword, an impetuous stroke on his adversary's shield breaks the blade. More successful than that of *Arminius*; on the ensanguined field falls the support of those arms by which *Cæsar's* sceptre was to be extended over *Germany*, a conquest often attempted, but as often baffled.

An universal rage now fired the *Roman* bands; with one voice they shout, "Let us die rather than yield to savages!" *Arminius* smiles at their impotent fury, such ferment being always easily quelled; and soon their vengeful efforts abate beneath the strokes of *German* vigour. Multitudes fell by the devouring sword, till at length *Arminius*, moved by their misplaced ardour, and seeing that victory inclined to his side, gave orders to spare the soldiery, and use their weapons only against their ambitious leaders. Here, *Germany*, indignation at thy unmerited woes, stifled the nobleness of sentiment to thy sons conge-

nial, and inflamed them to a brutal violation of the dead: many, with detestation I relate it, tore out the tongues of the expiring *Romans*, and holding them up, with contemptuous taunt, insulted over them, saying, “Hiss, thou adder’s tongue, hiss! “What now, mute! Is it then all over “with thee?”

Varus rising, sees his army broken; he sees it with more tumultuous passions than at the sense of destined death. Tears of despair rush in a torrent down his face, with dust and blood besmeared. The dread of imperial wrath and disappointed pride now suggest to him the fatal resource of death: their direful impulse prevails; he thrusts his broken sword into his entrails, with such violence, that not one groan bespoke the separation of his soul. His intrusive shade now mingles in the mansions of the dead, with venerable ghosts, who all shun his approach. They execrate his atrocious guilt,

or

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or despise his foolish arrogance, who, formed only a brawling pleader, and his chief excellence lying in his tongue, had the vanity thus to affect the hero.

Goddeſs, to whom the ſpeech of mute ſhades is known, deign further to aid me in the concluſion of my ſong; inform me how the virtuous *Cato* reproached *Varus* vaunting his ſuicide; how *Siegmar's* illuſtrious ſhade reproaches, as puſillanimity, a deed by which, to his infatuated mind, he had promiſed the higheſt encomiums. Teach us, that the grave affords no reſt to vice, and that puniſhment, however ſlow, at length inflicts on it her torturing gripe.

Varus, after ſuch an unexpected rebuff, for no mean conceit entertained he of his deſerts, and in his laſt ſtroke had placed the height of heroiſm, makes up to penſive *Cato*, who ſhunſed him not, as ſtill muſing on the incomprehenſibility of im-

mortality, while against *Cæsar's* ghost, whom on earth, as the tyrant of his country, he had opposed, and to his pardon preferred a violent death, he still exclaims, even in mansions where freedom, and its opposite, ambition, are on a level, as the usurper of *Rome*. *Cassius* stood near him ; but his most beloved associate *Brutus*, him he esteemed the model of virtue and the last of *Romans*.

“ If for liberty thou didst die,” said he, (addressing himself to *Varus*) thrice welcome ; for here only are true *Romans* safe. These are the blest abodes of liberty ; here all is tranquil and benign ; no injurious plans of superiority. Who with a true *Roman* spirit would not perish, rather than submit to *Cæsar* ? Who would not change the enslaved world for the residence of secure freedom ? But the croud of affrighted ghosts which follow thee, speak thee a hireling of *Cæsar*,

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" *far*, and no true *Roman*. It was de-
 " spair that pointed the steel to thy breast :
 " wretch, if thou hast acted like *Cato*, it
 " was not on the same noble motive. For
 " wert thou a *Cato* when living ? And was
 " not thy death the effect of distress ? Didst
 " thou devote thyself to the gods ? or was
 " it the sentence of an irritated people ?
 " From virtue estranged, not one good
 " action marks thy life, except dieing like
 " a *Roman* ; and claimest thou, for a com-
 " pulsive death, the rewards of virtue ?
 " With me expired liberty, and my coun-
 " try. O *Rome* ! are such as these thy
 " favoured citizens ! In happy hour did
 " I leave thee. Avaunt, thou venal slave
 " to an usurper : be gone ; herd with proud
 " *Cæsar's* shade, that monster whom the
 " gods produced as a scourge to profligate
 " *Rome*."

" Just heavens," cried *Siegmar*, " I
 " thank ye ! This was my wish ; the stain
 " of thy corrupted blood had disgraced *Ar-*
 " *minius's*

“ *minius*’s noble sword ; such as thee best
“ fall by their own hands. Now, greedy
“ oppressor, glut thyself with plunder ; sum-
“ mon trembling nations to thy detested
“ tribunal ; sell thy decrees ! or rather fear
“ the outrages of injured shades, and seek
“ concealment where thou mayest not hear
“ thy pusillanimous death reviled.” So fell
the haughty *Roman* ; and had he not been
freedom’s foe, immortal hymns of praise
had he merited. Nor trench nor mound
now obstruct the victor’s rapid course ; over
barriers of *Roman* corpses to the camp they
speed. The dauntless *Asprenas* alone op-
poses the pursuit, and with his slaughtering
sword many a shouting victor stopped in his
furious career. *Caditius* also, another *Ro-*
man, and worthy of the name in its con-
sular glory, breaks through the gigantick
Catti ; the fierce *Rastolf* himself, in vain
checks his retreat. The eagles, the dread
of nations, and *Rome*’s hallowed pride, no
more

more show themselves erect. Two by adventurous *Germans* were seized, a third, the standard-bearer, trembling, thrusts into the muddy morass.

The intrepid *Haubold* observing *Varus's* tragick end, severs his head from his convulsive body, and hastening with it to the *German* hero, with respectful exultation thus addresses him: "Here behold, my Prince, the head of our country's oppressor." The rich helmet was made his reward. *Edmund* arriving at that instant, to congratulate the hero on his success, "This head," said *Arminius*, "shalt thou carry to *Marbod*; the motive for the present I leave to his own consideration." *Edmund*, with joyful speed, hastens to the *Marcomannic* court with the happy token of *Germania's* glory, to them a keen reproach.

Thus was freedom avenged by the hero's arms, and to the immortal honour of
Germany,

Germany, the welfare of sinking nations restored. The presumptuous eagles had long threatened the northern climes, but this glorious day confined them within the limits of the *Rhine*. The bravery of the deed spread terrour through imperial *Rome* herself, and even *Augustus* trembled at every noise, his fear interpreting it to be occasioned by the savages. Sacrifices innumerable bleed, clouds of incense ascend the skies, and the temples are crowded, the resource of superstitious horror. Thus at length *Germania* saw all the *Roman* trophies overthrown, and succeeding years showed her brave sons destroying the imperious city with fire and sword. Ye potentates, learn hence to beware of ambition; let the fate of *Rome* be a warning to your pride; *Germany* still breeds *Arminii* enough to avenge her wrongs.

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